SUPERMAN
No. 93
A 52 - PAGE MAGAZINE
A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION
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ACTION
TEN CENTS
A BIG Superman SPECIAL
"Christmas 'Round the World"

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SUPERMAN by

JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

JUST AS THE ESKIMO'S FUR PARKA DIFFERS FROM THE BRIGHT SOUTH AMERICAN MANTILLA, SO LANGUAGES AND CUSTOMS DIFFER FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY— BUT PEOPLE'S HOPES AND FEARS AND JOYS ARE EVERYWHERE THE SAME! AND WITH THE ADVENT OF CHRISTMAS, **1945, SUPERMAN** ONCE AGAIN PROVES THAT COMMON BONDS UNITE ALL MANKIND—AS, WITH EAGER CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS TO BEAR WITNESS, HE ROCKETS MORE THAN 1,000 MILES PER HOUR TO MAKE—

"Christmas 'Round the World!"

REFUGEE CHILDREN OF MANY LANDS ARE BEING GIVEN A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY IN METROPOLIS...

JUST THINK, CLARK—BOYS AND GIRLS FROM SO MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, YET ALL HAVING A GOOD TIME TOGETHER!

CHRISTMAS MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN, LOIS.!

YET, BENEATH THE YULETIDE JOLLITY OF THE YOUNGSTERS, IS A TINGE OF SADNESS! ALL THINK OF ONE THING...

HOME... IN CHINA... WE USED TO HAVE FIREWORKS FOR CHRISTMAS, PABLO—AND A PROCESSION.!

SI, SENORITA MAI-LING... HOME! WE SOUTH AMERICANS CELEBRATED CHRISTMAS WITH A GRAND FIESTA!

SAY, YOU TWO SOUND KIND OF LONESOME...

I AM THINKING OF THE LONELINESS OF MY MOTHER IN CHINA...

AH YES, MISS LANE, PARENTS ARE OFTEN LONELIER THAN THE CHILDREN WHEN SEPARATED FROM THEM AT CHRISTMAS.'

JON BJORNSEN, THE ENVOY FROM NORWAY!

YES, AND A LONELY MAN, MISS LANE.' I HAVE NOT SEEN MY SON ERIC SINCE THE NAZIS DESTROYED THE TOWN OF VALHMAR, WHERE HE WAS STAYING WITH HIS AUNT.'

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO HEAR THAT.'

IF ONLY THERE WAS A REAL SANTA CLAUS TO FIND HIS SON FOR HIM—AND BRING US HOME TONIGHT.'

HMMM...

HE WOULD NEED THE HELP OF SUPERMAN!

YOU KNOW, CLARK, THAT LITTLE CHINESE GIRL HAS A WONDERFUL IDEA! WONDER WHAT SUPERMAN'S DOING?

PROBABLY HUNTING FOR A SUPER-STOCKING TO HANG UP!

I'LL BET HE'D DO SOMETHING IF I ASKED HIM!

HUH? HERE I'VE BEEN MANEUVERING ALL DAY TO GET YOU UNDER THE MISTLETOE—AND YOU'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR AN EXCUSE TO CALL SUPERMAN!

IN ANOTHER ROOM...

IT WOULDN'T DO TO ADMIT IT TO LOIS—BUT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A JOB FOR SUPERMAN, TOO! AND I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER ONE THAN THIS!

MOMENTS LATER, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF A HIGH OFFICER OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE...

WHY, YES, SUPERMAN — WE HAVE A NUMBER OF IDLE TRANSPORT GLIDERS WE'D BE GLAD TO LEND YOU! BUT YOU'LL NEED PLANES TO TOW THEM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, GENERAL!

AND AGAIN, IN THE OFFICE OF AN OFFICIAL IN CHARGE OF FOOD AND OTHER SUPPLIES DESTINED FOR OVERSEAS...

WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF SUPPLIES AWAITING SHIPPING SPACE! YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF, AS LONG AS THE STUFF WILL GO WHERE IT'S NEEDED!

THANKS—AND MERRY CHRISTMAS!

FINALLY...

THIS WILL CERTAINLY BE A DRAMATIC GESTURE OF GOOD WILL TOWARD PEOPLE OF OTHER COUNTRIES!

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT, COLONEL, I'LL HAVE MORE FUN THAN ANYONE!

U.S.ARMY

PRESENTLY...

SUPERMAN!

SPEAKING OF ANGELS!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE JAUNT AROUND THE WORLD BEFORE SUPPER, FOLKS?

I WAS JUST GOING TO BROADCAST FOR YOU, SUPERMAN! HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO SHOW UP WITH THIS IDEA?

CLARK KENT GOT WORD TO ME AHEAD OF YOU! A SMART LAD, CLARK!

THE ARMY OFFERED ME PLANES, BUT I COULDN'T BE SLOWED DOWN BY MOTORS.

THIS BEATS SLEIGH AND REINDEER, DOESN'T IT?

THE SUN SEEMS TO BE RISING IN THE WEST!

THAT'S BECAUSE TIME MOVES WESTWARD AT 1,000 MILES AN HOUR—AND WE'RE MOVING FASTER!

WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD SPEEDS THE AMAZING AIRFLEET, SKIMMING MINING CAMPS DECKED OUT FOR THE YULETIDE...

SUPERMAN!

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ALL OF US!

AND LONELY CABINS ON THE BANKS OF THE FROZEN MACKENZIE!

LIGHT AN' SET A SPELL, SUPERMAN! I'VE SHOT A B'AR FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER!

SORRY, PARDNER—THERE'S A RUSH JOB AHEAD! BUT WE'LL BE WITH YOU IN SPIRIT!

MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING AN ANNUAL CUSTOM, MEN OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT REINDEER STATION IN ALASKA HARNESS THE TAMEST OF THEIR ANTLERED CHARGES TO DISTRIBUTE CHRISTMAS GIFTS AMONG NEIGHBORING ESKIMO VILLAGES...

I STILL THINK YOU'D BE SMART TO WAIT A COUPLE DAYS! THE WEATHER FORECAST ISN'T GOOD!

SANTA CLAUS DOESN'T LET THE WEATHER STOP HIM—SO WHY SHOULD WE?

AND MILES FROM ANY HABITATION, A BLIZZARD STRIKES!

JOE WAS RIGHT, ED! THIS BLIZZARD LOOKS LIKE A RIP-SNORTER!

WE OUGHT TO MAKE THE FIRST VILLAGE—IF IT DOESN'T GET ANY WORSE!

BUT WILDER GROWS THE ICY FURY OF THE STORM!

WE'RE STUCK, GEORGE! MAYBE FOR GOOD!

NO SHELTER... NO CHANCE TO BUILD A FIRE...

STREAKING THROUGH THE SKY, **SUPERMAN** PIERCES CLOUDBANKS BELOW, WITH HIS X-RAY VISION...

BRRR-R-R-R! THIS MAY BE THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO CHINA—BUT IT CAN'T BE THE WARMEST.'

("—HELLO... LOOKS LIKE SOME HELP IS NEEDED BELOW!—")

I'M SEEING THINGS! I'D SWEAR THAT WAS **SUPERMAN** AND A GIRL, HAULING A STRING OF GLIDERS!

YOU MEAN **YOU** SEE IT, TOO?

WANT A LIFT? HOP ON THE SLEDGE—AND TAKE THE REINDEER WITH YOU.'

IT *IS* **SUPERMAN**! BOY, FROM NOW ON, I BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS.'

AND MINUTES LATER, BEYOND THE BLIZZARD AREA...

HI-EEE!

SEE-IS SUPERMAN!

WHY, YOU'RE AS WELL KNOWN HERE AS IN METROPOLIS!

SO ESKIMO CHILDREN AND CHILDREN OF GREAT NATIONS MINGLE AT AN ARCTIC CHRISTMAS PARTY!

MISS LANE, THIS IS CHIEF KUKULAK, THE CHIEF OF THIS TRIBE OF ESKIMOS!

QUICK-HOW DO I SAY "HELLO" IN ESKIMESE?

LADY PLEASE NOT WORRY-I SAY "HELLO" IN ENGLISH!

HUH?... OH, HELLO...

YOU AND YOUR PARTY MUST STAY FOR FEAST, SUPERMAN!

WE'D LIKE TO, CHIEF, BUT IF WE DID, CERTAIN PEOPLE IN ASIA AND EUROPE WOULD MISS THEIR CHRISTMAS ALTOGETHER!

ONCE MORE THE GLOBE-GIRDLING VOYAGE IS RESUMED-AND WITHIN THE GLIDER THAT CARRIES THE CHILDREN...

BELOW IS THE WESTERN PART OF RUSSIA! MY HOME IS NEARLY 3,000 MILES TO THE EAST.

BUT WE ARE GOING SOUTH-TOWARD CHINA AND MY VILLAGE OF KWANG-LO! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT!

AT KWANG-LO, WHERE JAPANESE BOMBS HAVE SPREAD DISASTER IN THE PAST, MISSION BELLS TINKLE CHEERFULLY TODAY...

SOON THE VENERABLE SANTA CLAUS WILL COME TO OUR HUMBLE VILLAGE!

AN ELABORATE PAGEANT USHERS IN THE CELEBRATION!

IT IS HE! BUT BECAUSE OF THE WAR HE HAS ONLY A FEW VERY SIMPLE TOYS!

AND THERE WILL BE NO SPECIAL FEAST— ONLY A LITTLE RICE AS USUAL!

IN ONE OF THE HOUSES OF THE TINY VILLAGE...

I HEAR THE PROCESSION! ARE YOU NOT GOING TO WATCH IT?

NO, LI-TAN! LET THOSE MAKE MERRY WHO ARE NOT LONELY!

SUDDENLY, SPECKS IN THE SKY SEND A WAVE OF EXCITEMENT THROUGH THE TOWN!

AI-EEE! PLANES, IT IS AN AIR RAID

NO - THE PLANES ARE SILENT, AND FAR SWIFTER THAN BOMBERS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

A FOREIGN DEVIL! YET, HE LOOKS FRIENDLY!

LOOK CLOSER, HONORABLE GRANDFATHER! IT IS NO FOREIGN DEVIL, BUT **SUPERMAN** — THE MIGHTY HERO!

AND NOW - A TOUCHING REUNION!

OH GRACIOUS MOTHER, I HAVE COME WITH GREETINGS OF THE SEASON!

MAHLING, MY DAUGHTER - YOU ARE WELCOME!

GOODNESS - HOW FORMAL!

I'VE BEEN SO LONESOME, MAMA!

MY LITTLE GIRL!

BUT NOT TOO FORMAL, LOIS!

FOOD AND GIFTS ARE UNLOADED FROM ONE OF THE GLIDERS— AND THEN...

THANK YOU, SUPERMAN!

AND THANK AMERICA—OUR NEIGHBOR ACROSS THE WORLD!

THE DAY IS NEAR WHEN ALL NATIONS WILL BE NEIGHBORS!

WESTWARD AND NORTHWARD AGAIN FLIES SUPERMAN—OVER MOUNTAIN RANGES AND FROZEN STEPPES, ACROSS THE RIVER VOLGA AND THE DON!

THERE IS MOSCOW! MY HOME IS VERY NEAR NOW!

ACH, BORIS, MEIN FRIEND—YOU ARE SMILING AS I SHALL SMILE VHEN VE REACH HOLLAND!

ON A COLLECTIVE FARM, WORKERS GATHER FOR THE TRADITIONAL CELEBRATION OF THE RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS— ROZHDESTVO KHRISTOVO!

LOOK, TASHYA—SONYA IS BLUSHING! SHE IS THINKING OF OUR SON BORIS IN AMERICA!

IVAN, STOP TEASING THE CHILD!

IT IS ONLY THAT MY CHEEKS ARE COLD!

SUDDENLY...

WE'VE BROUGHT A YOUNG FELLOW NAMED BORIS VATKOFF, WHO HOPES HE ISN'T INTRUDING!

SUPERMAN! DID YOU—DID YOU SAY BORIS?

MY BOY! WE WERE WORRYING BECAUSE WE HAD NO CHRISTMAS TREE—SINCE THEY WERE ALL DESTROYED IN THE WAR—AND NOW WE HAVE THE BEST PRESENT OF ALL!

NO TREE, DID YOU SAY? EXCUSE ME A MOMENT!

FAR TO THE NORTH FLASHES SUPERMAN— WHERE PRIMEVAL FORESTS GROW, UNTOUCHED BY THE WARS OF MEN!

THIS ONE OUGHT TO BE BIG ENOUGH! BUT WE'LL NEED SOME DECORATIONS!

IN THE RADIUM MINES OF POLAR SIBERIA, SUPERMAN CRUSHES OUT GLITTERING BAUBLES FROM TONS OF PITCHBLENDE!

ANOTHER THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED TONS OF THE STUFF WORKED OVER, AND I'LL HAVE ENOUGH RADIUM!

SECONDS LATER, HE SCOOPS SOLID BALLS OF ICE FROM THE FACE OF AN ICEBERG IN THE BERING SEA!

THIS IS EASY COMPARED TO THE JOB OF SHOPPING FOR ALL THIS STUFF DURING THE CHRISTMAS RUSH IN AMERICA!

AND ALMOST BEFORE HIS ABSENCE HAS BEEN NOTICED...

THE ONLY TREE IN THE WORLD LIT UP BY RADIUM!

SUPERMAN - WITH A MAGNIFICENT CHRISTMAS TREE!

THE PATIENT ANIMALS OF THE FARM ALWAYS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION IN RUSSIA AT THIS SEASON...

WE HAVE LITTLE ENOUGH TO EAT OURSELVES - BUT IT WOULD NOT BE CHRISTMAS IF WE DID NOT SHARE IT WITH OUR FAITHFUL SERVANTS!

THERE WILL BE PLENTY TO EAT TONIGHT, SONYA - THANKS TO SUPERMAN!

FOR MORE THAN 1,000 YEARS THE RUSSIANS HAVE BEEN HONORING THEIR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS THIS WAY!

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY - AND EVERY HORSE AND COW AND GOAT, TOO!

IN FACT, A SPECIAL MASQUERADE IS CONDUCTED FOR THEIR BENEFIT.

LATER, AROUND THE GROANING FESTIVE BOARD...

BEFORE YOU GO, SUPERMAN, WE SHALL DRINK A TOAST TO YOU AND TO ALL THE WORLD! TOVARICH!

TOVARICH MEANS COMRADE! ALL PEOPLE SHOULD BE GOOD COMRADES!

RUSSIA IS LEFT BEHIND... HALF OF EUROPE IS COVERED IN FLEETING SECONDS... AND AT LAST—

HOLLAND—WHERE SOME OF THE GRANDEST CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN THE WORLD ORIGINATED!

LITTLE HANS VROOM, BACK IN THE GLIDER, MUST BE ABOUT THE MOST EXCITED YOUNGSTER ON EARTH!

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A HANKERING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS DUTCH STYLE, HANS! ANY IDEAS?

JA, MEINHEER SUPERMAN—OFER HERE ISS DER STABLE OF MEIN UNCLE, UND I KNOW VHERE I CAN FIND DER COSTUME!

AND SO, PRESENTLY, HERE IS A SPECTACLE WHICH DUTCH CHILDREN HAVE OFTEN HEARD ABOUT—BUT SELDOM SEEN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE FIREPLACE—I'M FIREPROOF! YOU JUST HELP MAKE IT LOOK AS IF THE HORSE IS CARRYING US, INSTEAD OF ME CARRYING HIM!

IN HANS' HOME...

POOR HANS! HE DID NOT TAKE ANY WOODEN SHOES TO AMERICA FOR SINT NICOLAAS TO FILL WITH PRESENTS!

IF WE LEAVE A LOT OF FOOD FOR HIS HORSE, HE MAY LEAVE EXTRA PRESENTS HERE FOR OUR OLDER BROTHER!

REMEMBER, MY SONS, DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH!

ABRUPTLY...

SINT NICOLAAS! HE IS EARLY!

THIS IS A SPECIAL TRIP, BECAUSE I HAVE AN EXTRA SPECIAL PRESENT FOR YOU THIS YEAR!

MOTHER! FATHER!

MY SON! IT IS A MIRACLE!

HANS!

TOO BAD CHRISTMAS EVE ISN'T LONGER! WITH ALL HIS FLASHING SPEED, **SUPERMAN** HAS TIME ONLY FOR A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF WAR-TORN FRANCE, WHERE BELLS IN RUINED TOWERS RING NOEL!

AS LONG AS PEOPLE CAN STILL SING, THERE'S HOPE FOR THE WORLD!

ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU REMEMBER WE'VE BEEN NEARLY ALL AROUND THE WORLD—AND FOUND THEM SINGING EVERYWHERE!

DING DONG DING

AND OF ENGLAND, WHERE THE COLORFUL CEREMONY OF THE BOAR'S HEAD HAS LASTED THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES!

A DASH ACROSS THE NORTH SEA—AND NOW THE DARK CLIFFS AND FIORDS OF NORWAY LIE BELOW...

DID CLARK TELL YOU ABOUT THE NORWEGIAN ENVOY, BJORNSEN, AND THE VILLAGE OF VAHLMAR?

NATURALLY! DIDN'T I SAY HE WAS A SMART LAD?

THIS IS—OR WAS—VAHLMAR! NO USE STOPPING HERE!

IT'S UGLY—HORRIBLE—AFTER ALL THE COURAGE AND GAIETY WE'VE SEEN TONIGHT!

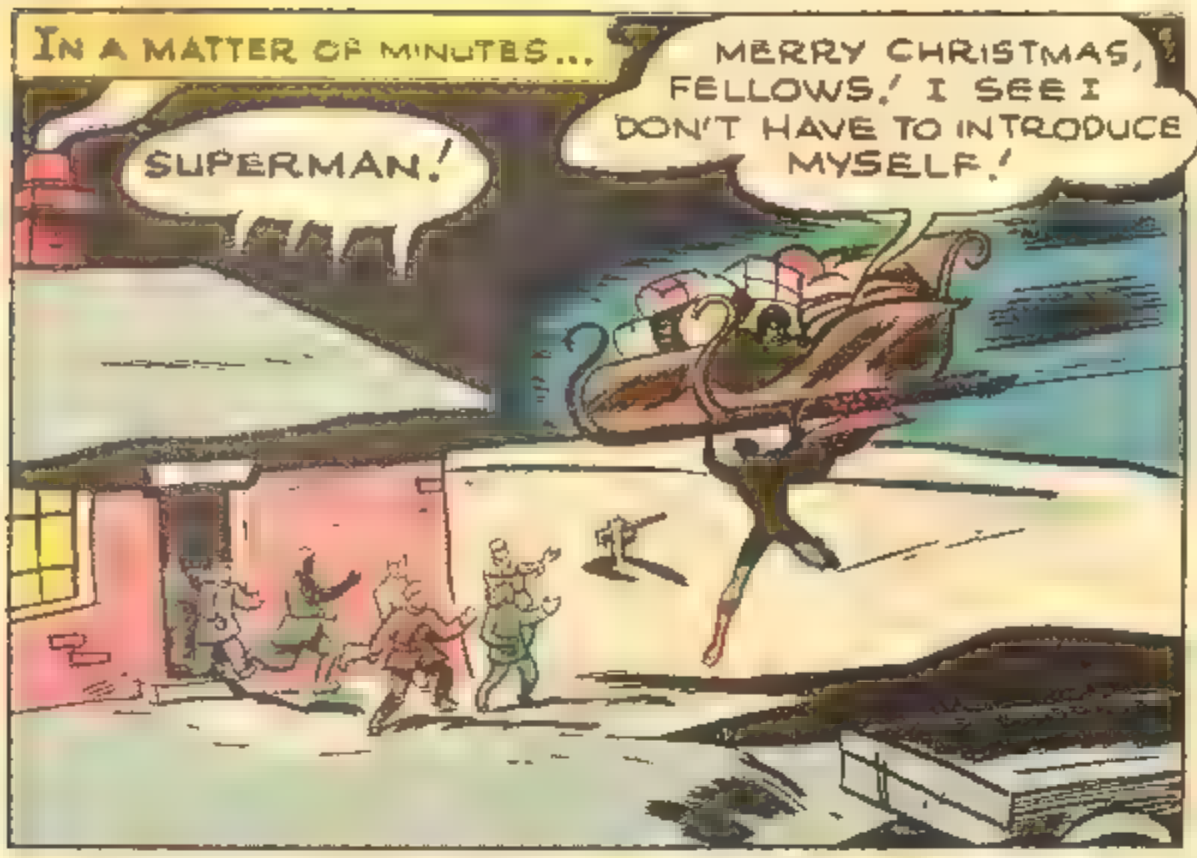
LOOK! THERE'S A TOWN THAT ESCAPED THE WAR'S BRUTALITY.' SEE THE PILED UP CORDS OF WOOD!

AND THE GRAIN PUT OUT FOR ANIMALS AND BIRDS.'

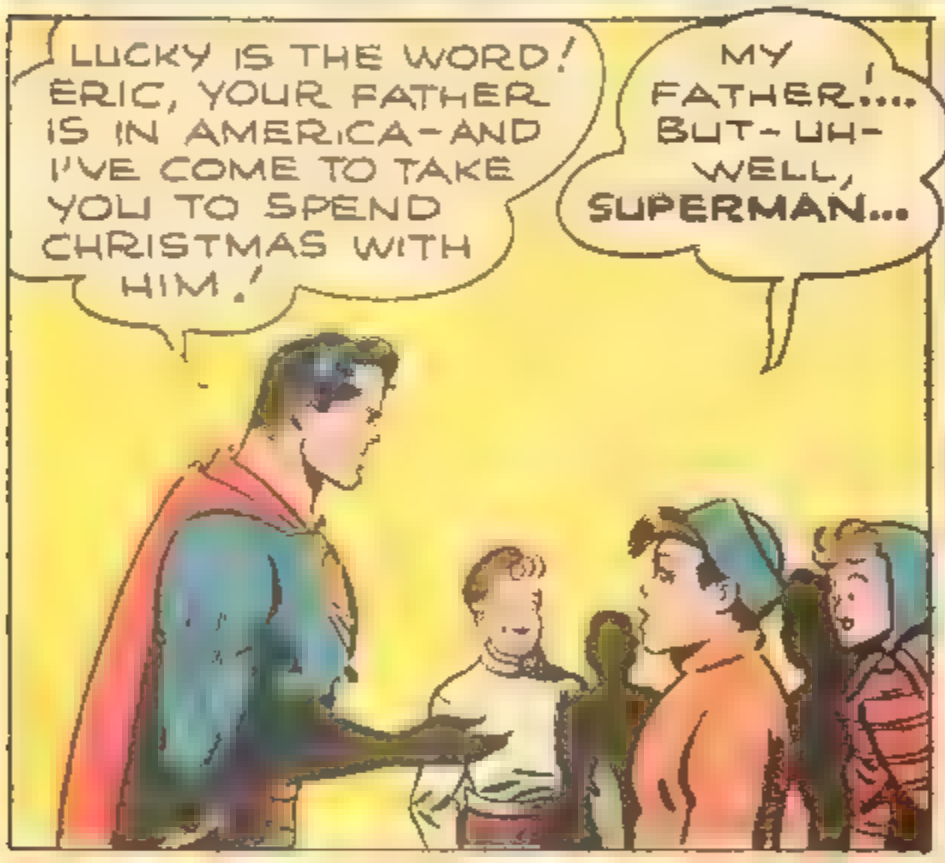
DOWN TO THE VILLAGE, AND...

YES, **SUPERMAN**, SOME CHILDREN SURVIVED THE VAHLMAR MASSACRE AND WERE MADE TO WORK FOR THE NAZIS! THOSE WITHOUT HOMES ARE NOW AT A BIG FARM JUST BEYOND THIS TOWN!

GOOD! I'LL BORROW A SLEIGH AND TAKE SOME OF OUR SUPPLIES WITH ME!

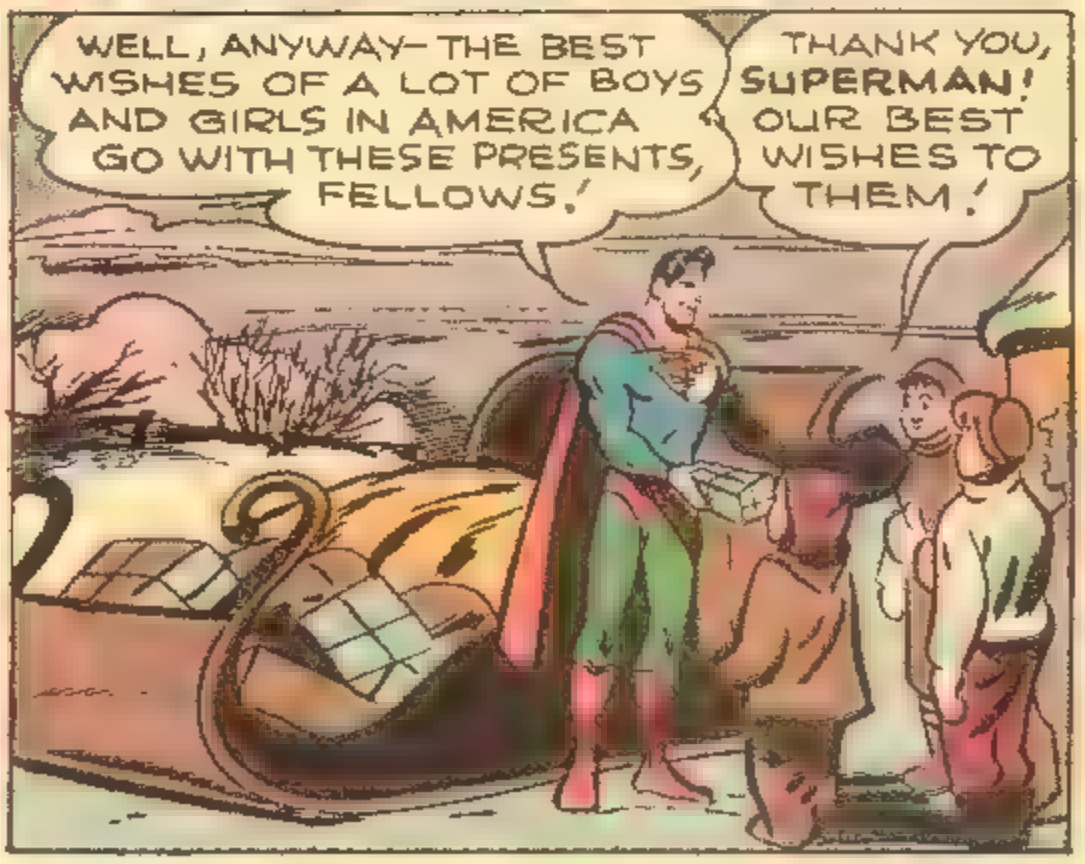

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...
SUPERMAN!
MERRY CHRISTMAS, FELLOWS! I SEE I DON'T HAVE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!

I'VE BROUGHT PRESENTS AND PROVISIONS FOR ALL OF YOU- AND SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR ERIC BJORNSEN, IF HE'S HERE!
THAT'S YOU, ERIC- YOU LUCKY ONE!


LUCKY IS THE WORD! ERIC, YOUR FATHER IS IN AMERICA- AND I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH HIM!
MY FATHER!... BUT- UH- WELL, SUPERMAN...

I'D JUST AS SOON STAY HERE... I REALLY WOULD...
WHAT!

I'LL SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE! I'D PREFER IT!
I DON'T GET IT! BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL...
12


WELL, ANYWAY- THE BEST WISHES OF A LOT OF BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICA GO WITH THESE PRESENTS, FELLOWS!
THANK YOU, SUPERMAN! OUR BEST WISHES TO THEM!

AND THAT IS THAT! BUT WHAT'S THIS? SUPERMAN TAKES TIME OUT TO ROLL A SNOWBALL...

ERIC'S REACTION WAS A SURPRISE ALL RIGHT! BUT I DON'T THINK I'M GUESSING WRONG ABOUT THE KIDS THIS IS FOR.'

QUITE A FEW ACRES OF SNOW HERE! IT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH, ALLOWING FOR A GOOD DEAL OF QUICK MELTING.'

AND WHAT A SNOWBALL!

UP, UP INTO THE STRATOSPHERE HE LEAPS—AND RACES SOUTHWARD AND WESTWARD WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

HERE'S WHERE I CATCH UP WITH THE SUN AGAIN—MEANWHILE FREEZING THIS SNOW HARD AT A COUPLE HUNDRED DEGREES BELOW ZERO!

THEN ABRUPTLY, THE FIST OF THE MAN OF STEEL SHATTERS THE GREAT MASS OF FROZEN SNOW INTO GLITTERING FRAGMENTS!

WHAT A SURPRISE THIS WILL BE TO A LOT OF PEOPLE!

AGAIN WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, SUPERMAN RETURNS TO THE FAR NORTH—AND ROVING REINDEER HERDS!

DON'T BE AFRAID! I ONLY WANT A COUPLE OF YOU FOR STAGE SETTING—AND WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL HAVE A NICE HOME IN THE METROPOLIS ZOO!

AT LAST—WE JOURNEY TO MY HOME IN SOUTH AMERICA—SI!?

AND FINALLY... ALL ABOARD FOR THE TROPICS! THIS TIME WE'LL FORGET THE GLIDERS—AND RIDE SOUTH IN NORTHERN STYLE.'

UNDER RUSTLING PALM LEAVES IN THE PLAZA OF A VENEZUELAN TOWN, CHRISTMAS EVE IS CELEBRATED WITH A BRILLIANT FIESTA!

¡ALEGRE NATIVIDAD, AMIGOS!

THE SUN HAS NOT YET SET, JUAN— BUT IT IS GETTING COOL!

PERHAPS IT WILL SNOW, AS IT DOES IN NORTHERN LANDS AT CHRISTMAS— AND SANTO NICOLO WILL COME TO VISIT US IN A SLEIGH! HA, HA, HA!

NEXT MOMENT—AMAZINGLY...

OH-H-H! IT IS RAINING FEATHERS— COLD AND WET!

THAT, *MI AMADO*, IS SNOW— THE FIRST ANYONE HAS EVER SEEN HERE! IT IS A GREAT WONDER!

OOOOH-H-H-H- LOOK!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

IT IS HE! I THOUGHT I WAS MAKING A JEST— BUT IT WAS A PROPHESY!

MOTHER! FATHER! IT IS I— YOUR FATHER!

SUPERMAN!

WHEW— A BIT WARM FOR THIS OUTFIT!

THE SNOW OF NORWAY MELTS HERE, BUT THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS THRIVES IN BOTH LANDS— AND ALL LANDS— PROVING THAT, AFTER ALL, IT'S ONE WORLD!

¡VIVA CHRISTMAS!

¡VIVA EL UNO MUNDO!

ALL THIS TIME, BACK IN METROPOLIS, A LONELY MAN FINDS ONLY MOCKERY IN YULETIDE MERRIMENT...

FIRST I LOST HIS MOTHER, THEN ERIC.' THE WORLD WILL SEE HAPPIER DAYS IN THE FUTURE— BUT MY HAPPINESS IS GONE FOREVER.'

A CHORUS OF GAY LAUGHTER BRINGS HIM OUT TO MEET THE RETURNING ROUND-THE-WORLD VOYAGERS.'

IS EVERYBODY HERE?

ALL EXCEPTING MAI-LING, BORIS, HANS AND PABLO, WHO ARE SAFE AT HOME.'

SUPERMAN, DID YOU — DID YOU VISIT NORWAY?

YES, BJORNSEN — AND YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR YOUR SON IS ALIVE AND SAFE.' BUT— WELL—

IN THE DUSK, A SMALL FIGURE SLIPS FROM BENEATH ROBES PILED IN THE BACK OF THE SLEIGH...

FATHER!

ERIC! THANK HEAVEN!

WHAT—!

I COULDN'T FIND YOU DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION — AND AFTERWARD THE GOVERNMENT SENT ME HERE.'

YOU WERE REPORTED SHOT FOR UNDERGROUND ACTIVITIES! I WAS SO MISERABLE— AND NOW I'M SO HAPPY!

HMMM...

YOU HAD ME FOOLED, YOUNG MAN! BUT WHY?

WELL, SUPERMAN, ALL THE OTHER BOYS HAD LOST THEIR FATHERS—AND I WAS SORT OF ASHAMED OF BEING SO MUCH LUCK-IER THAN THEY WERE!

I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT SPOIL THEIR CHRISTMAS, THINKING OF ME BEING HERE WITH MY FATHER! BUT IF THEY THOUGHT I WAS WITH FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE...

I UNDERSTAND! YOU WERE LOYAL ENOUGH NOT TO WANT TO MAKE THEIR UNHAPPINESS SEEM DARKER BY CONTRAST! SO YOU FIBBED— AND STOWED AWAY!

IT WAS THOUGHTFUL —AND KIND!

MOMENTS LATER, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS CATCH A HUSHED MURMUR...

EXCUSE ME! SUPERMAN'S STANDING UNDER THE MISTLETOE— AND IT'S A CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

OH,OH! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

DON'T THINK ME IMPETUOUS, SUPERMAN BUT— OHH-H-H!

A LIGHTNING CHANGE—AND THE NEXT SECOND...

I GUESS I'M JUST JEALOUS OF SUPERMAN! IF ANY-BODY GETS A KISS OUT OF THIS, I WANT IT TO BE CLARK KENT!

GOT YOU! MERRY CHRISTMAS, LOIS!

!?!

LISTEN TO THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL STATION!

THE End.

THAT'S IN CASE YOU FORGET TO EAT YOUR WHEATIES AND WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND

Dave Gerard

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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TAKE OFF WITH A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"--EVERY MORNING.

TAKE ON ALL THE GOOD NOURISHMENT, GRAND FLAVOR IN THOSE FAMOUS WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.

CRISP-TOASTED! MALT-FLAVORED! NUT SWEET!....THAT'S WHEATIES. AND THAT'S YOUR KIND OF DISH.

EAT YOUR WHEATIES --EVERY DAY!

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HAYFOOT HENRY

NOT EVEN IN SLEEPYSIDE CAN ONE FIND A GIRL TO DO COOKING OF THE KIND MOTHER AND GRANDMA USED TO DO, A FACT WHICH FURNISHES HENRY THE CLUE TO A THEFT SO ODD IT MAKES HEADS WHIRL IN THIS TALE OF THE SEARCH FOR...

An Old Fashioned Girl!

HENCE LOATHED MELANCHOLY! DOWN WITH GLOOM! ALL HAPPINESS TO THE NEW BRIDE AND GROOM!

I ALWAYS LOVE TO WATCH A WEDDING!

NOT ME. I FIND IT QUITE UPSETTING.

1.

A MAN WHO MARRIES A MODERN MAID, IS MAKING A VERY FOOLISH TRADE!

MY, OH, MY, PLEASE TELL ME WHY!

COOKING AND SEWING ARE LONG-LOST ARTS. ONLY MINK COATS NOW GLADDEN GIRLS' HEARTS.

SO WHY SHOULD WE WEAR OUT OUR BRAINS AND OUR HANDS, IF OUR ONLY REWARD IS TO EAT OUT OF CANS?

IF A GIRL EVER GETS ME BY HOOK OR CROOK, BELIEVE ME, I'LL WANT TO KNOW HOW SHE CAN COOK.

YOU DON'T WANT A WIFE, IT SEEMS, NOSIREE! YOU JUST WANT A SERVANT TO WAIT ON YOU FREE!

THE GIRL YOU REQUIRE JUST HASN'T BEEN BORN. ON HUSBANDS LIKE YOU, MODERN GIRLS LOOK WITH SCORN.

OKAY. OKAY, HAVE IT YOUR WAY!

SOME DAYS AFTER THIS HAPPY EVENT, WE FIND HAYFOOT HENRY GLOOMY AND SPENT.

WHAT A PROBLEM MY LEXICON'S TURNED OUT TO BE. A RHYME FOR "RECIPES" STILL EVADES ME. HM... IN COOK-BOOKS ARE RECIPES GALORE, BUT ON COOKING UP RHYMES THEY DON'T KNOW THE SCORE.

BUT I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT A COOK-BOOK IN AGES. PERHAPS IF I GOT ONE AND SCANNED THROUGH THE PAGES, IN ADDITION TO RECIPES, I'D FIND MY RHYME. IT'S RATHER UN-LIKELY, BUT I'VE LOTS OF TIME.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

BRING ME SOME COOK-BOOKS. WHY SUCH SURPRISE? MANY MEN COOK AND CAN BAKE GOOD PIES.

YOUR CULINARY INTEREST, I DON'T FIND ABSURD, BUT, AS THE TOWN COP, IT'S STRANGE YOU'VE NOT HEARD--

--THAT THIS MORNING SOME BURGLAR SLIPPED INTO OUR RACKS AND STOLE ALL THE COOK-BOOKS BEHIND OUR BACKS.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? A LIBRARY CROOK? I DESPISE ANYONE WHO'D STEAL A BOOK.

BUT COOK-BOOKS AREN'T REALLY WORTH MUCH IN COIN. THEY'RE STRANGE THINGS INDEED FOR A MAN TO PURLOIN.

SO MAYBE SOME GAL OF BEAUTY BEREFT, TO IMPROVE HER COOKING COMMITTED THE THEFT!

MORE LIKELY, I'D SAY, SOME SILLY YOUNG BRIDE, WHOSE HUSBAND COMPLAINED OF A POISONED INSIDE.

--SOME POOR NEW BRIDE WHOSE MA NEVER TAUGHT HER THE SIMPLE PROCEDURE OF BOILING WATER.

HM--THE ONLY NEW BRIDE FOR MONTHS IN OUR TOWN IS ANNABELLE SMITH WHO WED PHINEAS BROWN.

EUREKA--THAT'S IT. SHE MUST BE THE THIEF! HER COOKING WOULD BRING A GOAT'S STOMACH TO GRIEF! AN INCOMPETENT COOK THE BEST MARRAIGE CAN CHILL SO MAYBE SHE STOLE THEM TO COOK WITH MORE SKILL.

WELCOME, HENRY--YOU'RE IN TIME TO TRY A WONDERFUL PIECE OF HOME-MADE PIE.

THE RECIPE CAME FROM A STOLEN BOOK, BECAUSE SINCE WHEN DID **YOU** LEARN HOW TO COOK?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW OUR QUIRKS.
I DO ALL THE COOKING WHILE MY WIFE GOES OUT AND WORKS.
AND COOK-BOOKS ARE SOLD IN ANY BOOK STORE.
STEAL A COOK-BOOK? WHATEVER FOR?

FORGIVE ME--YOU'RE RIGHT.
IF YOU'D BE SO KIND,
NO RHYME FOR "RECIPES"
HAS MUDDLED MY MIND--

WHY NOT TRY COOKING?
VERSE ISN'T WORTH LEARNING.
EXCUSE, HENRY,
MY BISCUITS ARE BURNING...

OH, WOE IS ME--WHERE SHALL I LOOK
TO FIND THAT NO-GOOD COOK-BOOK CROOK?
FOR LACK OF A RHYME,
MY HEAD IS LIKE WOOD
AND AN ILL-WIND IS BLOWING
THAT BODES NO GOOD.

A RHYME, A CRIME
AND EVEN THE WEATHER,
TO HARRY POOR ME,
HAVE BANDED TOGETHER.

SO SOURPUSS DECIDED
TO MARRY A FLYER!
A MODERN GIRL WHO CAN'T COOK!
WHY THE DOG-GONED LIAR!

SLEEPYSIDE JOURNAL
OLD FASHIONED MAN TO MAR
GIRL FLYER.
"I'M GROUNDED
SAYS GIRL," BY
FIANCE'S DESIRE

BUT HE'S STOPPED HER FLYING. WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!
HE'LL TEACH HER TO COOK BEFORE THEY ARE KNOTTED!
BUT WHY SHOULD HE STEAL BOOKS EASILY BOUGHT?
THERE'S A MATTER REQUIRING THOUGHT.

LAILW

LISTEN, MY FRIEND, IT'S MY BELIEF
THAT YOU ARE THE LIBRARY COOK-BOOK THIEF!
IT'S ALSO MY THEORY THAT YOU WERE TOO TIGHT
TO BUY THEM TO TEACH YOUR BRIDE TO COOK RIGHT!

I'M NOT GUILTY THOUGH I GHT I MAY BE!
THOSE VANISHED BOOKS ARE TO ME TRAGEDY!
I WANTED MY BRIDE TO STUDY THEM WELL
BUT EVEN THE BOOK-STORES HAVE NONE LEFT TO SELL.

OH DEAR--I'LL CONFESS TO SAVE YOU FROM BLAME!
I BOUGHT OUT THE BOOK-STORES,
AND TO ADD TO MY SHAME,
DID THE LIBRARY-THIEVING TO HAVE AN EXCUSE
NOT TO LEARN COOKING FOR WHICH I'VE NO USE!

BY HIDING THE COOK-BOOKS, I'D THOUGHT I'D BE FREE
NOT TO LEARN COOKING, BUT YOU WON'T ARREST ME!

I SAY!
SHE'S GETTING AWAY!

DEAR ME, THIS SAD CONFESSION
TEACHES ME A BITTER LESSON.
SO STOP YOUR PURSUIT,
YOU COLD HEARTED BRUTE!

FOR STOPPING
AN OFFICER
DOING HIS DUTY,
I'LL ARREST YOU TOO,
ALONG WITH YOUR
CUTIE!

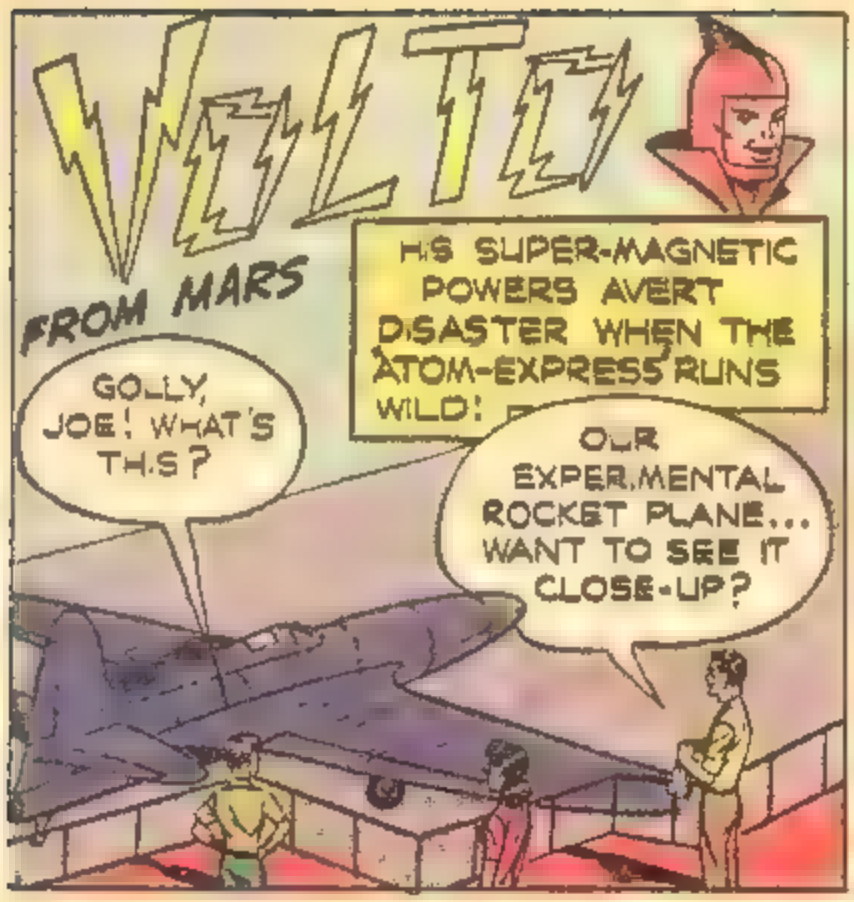
WAIT, TO SAVE HER FROM DISGRACE
ALL THOSE BOOKS I SHALL REPLACE.
BECAUSE SHE LOVED ME
BUT DON'T WANT TO COOK,
SHE ONLY ACCIDENTALY
BECAME A CROOK!

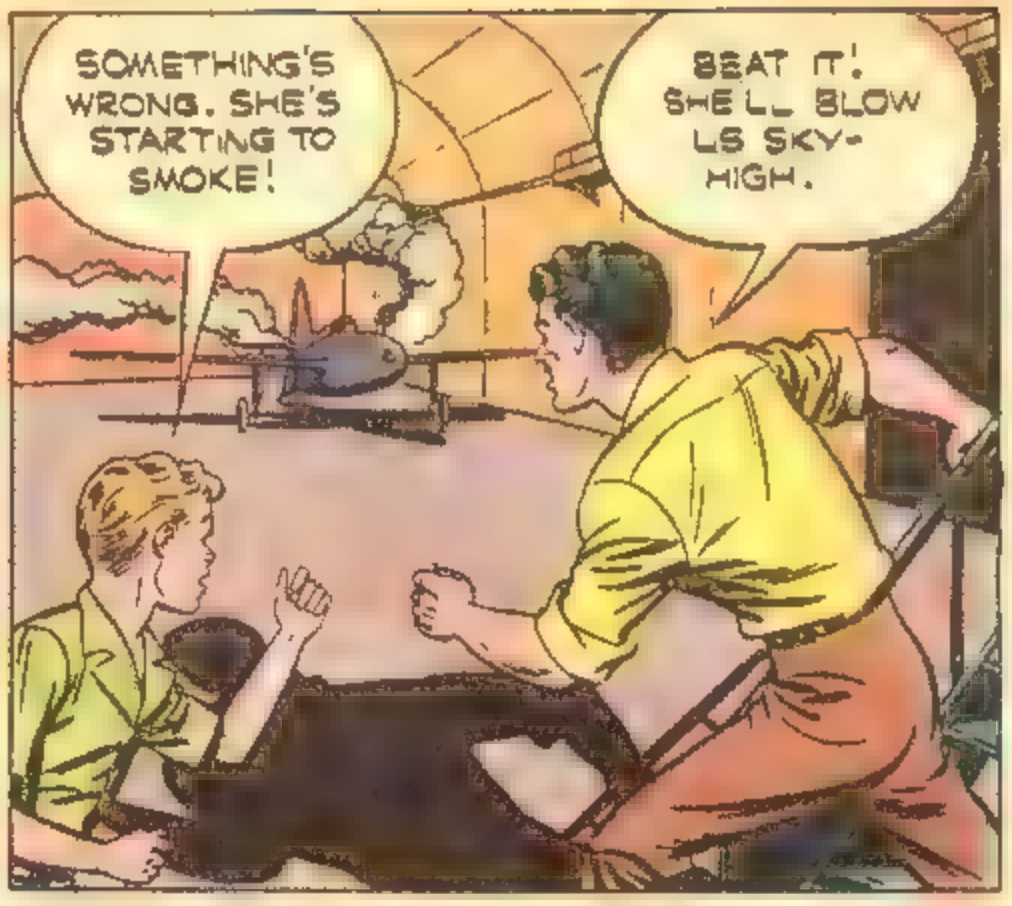
GR-R!

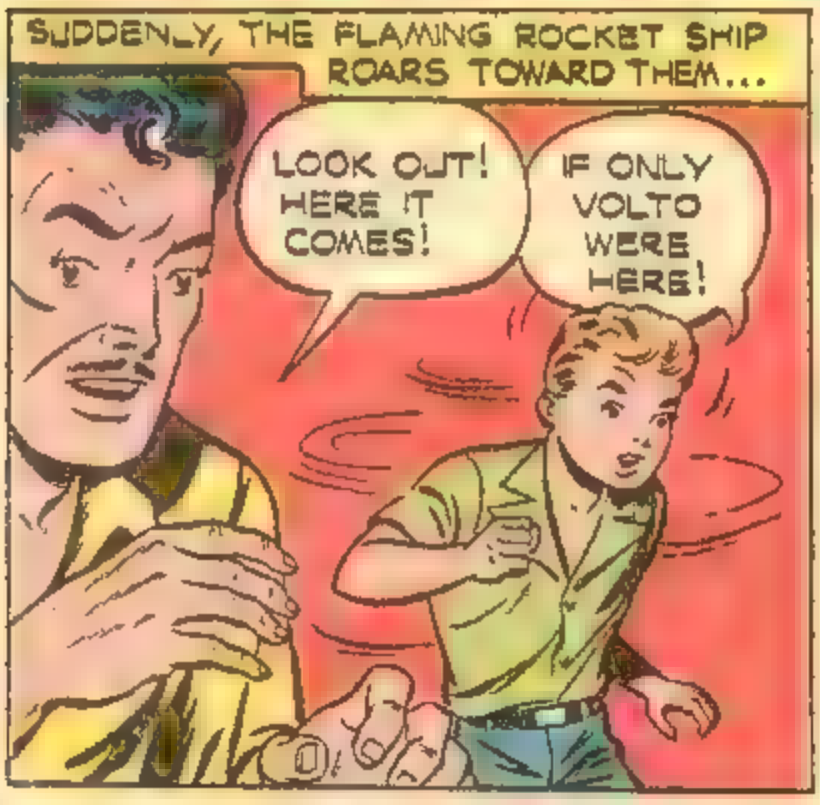
I'VE BEEN A FOOL FOR
INSISTING ON HER COOKING.
I LOVE HER, AND REALLY--
SHE'S VERY GOOD-LOOKING.
WHAT IF SHE CAN'T COOK
A **MESS O' PEAS**
LOVE IS BIGGER
THAN **RECIPES**!

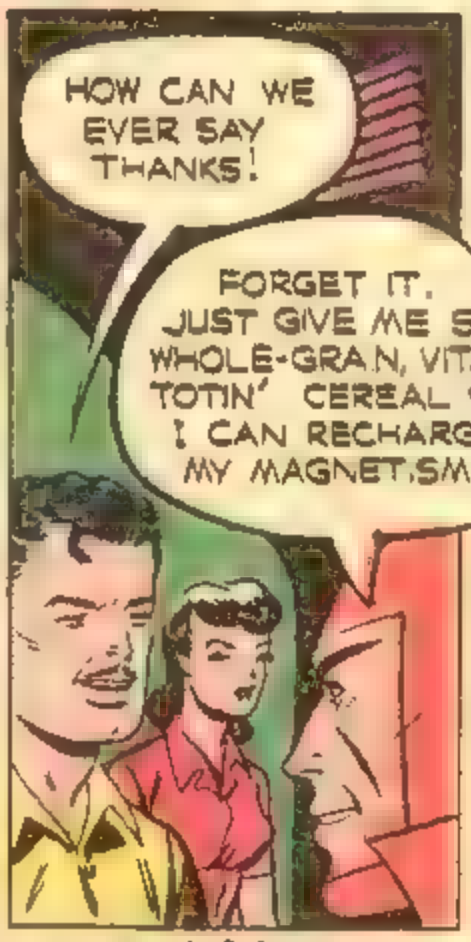
EUREKA, MY FRIEND,
YOU'VE FOUND MY RHYME!
FOR THAT, I'LL FORGET
ABOUT YOUR GIRL'S CRIME.
REPLACE THOSE BOOKS
AND I'LL SAY NO MORE.
ON TRUE LOVE I CAN'T
REALLY SLAM A JAIL DOOR!

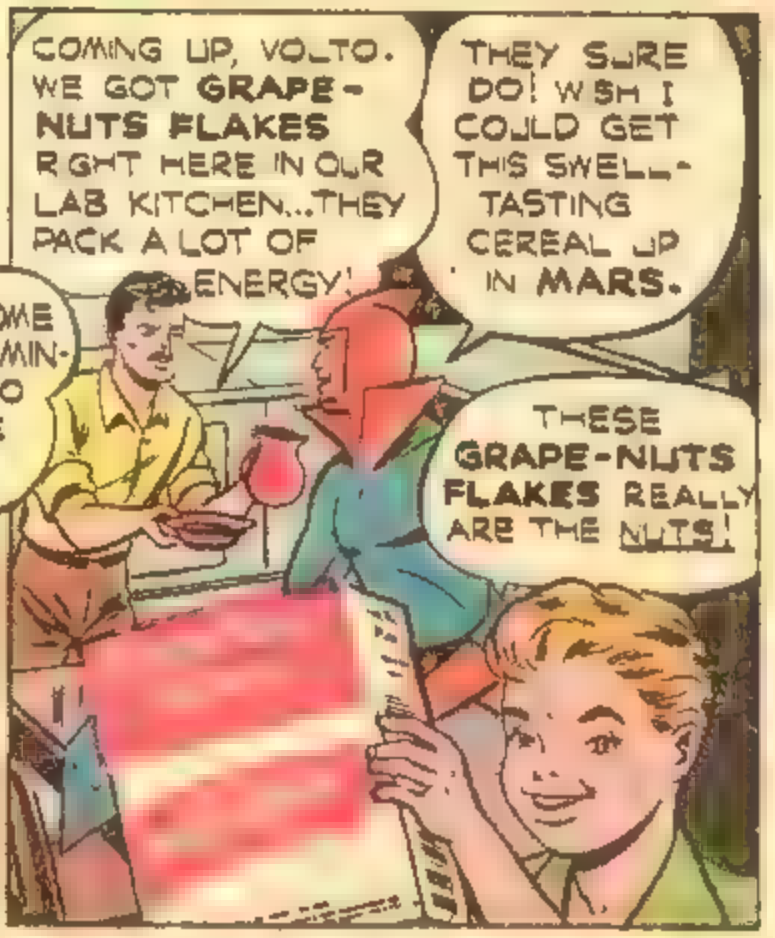
THE END


VOLTO
FROM MARS
HIS SUPER-MAGNETIC POWERS AVERT DISASTER WHEN THE ATOM-EXPRESS RUNS WILD!
GOLLY, JOE! WHAT'S THIS?
OUR EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET PLANE... WANT TO SEE IT CLOSE-UP?





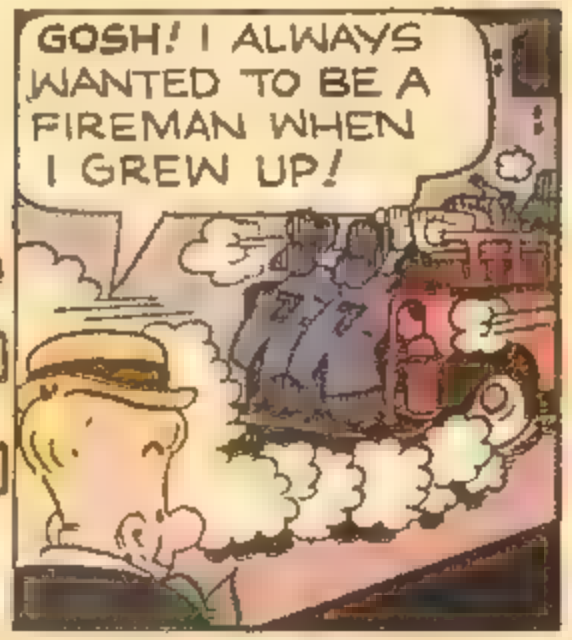


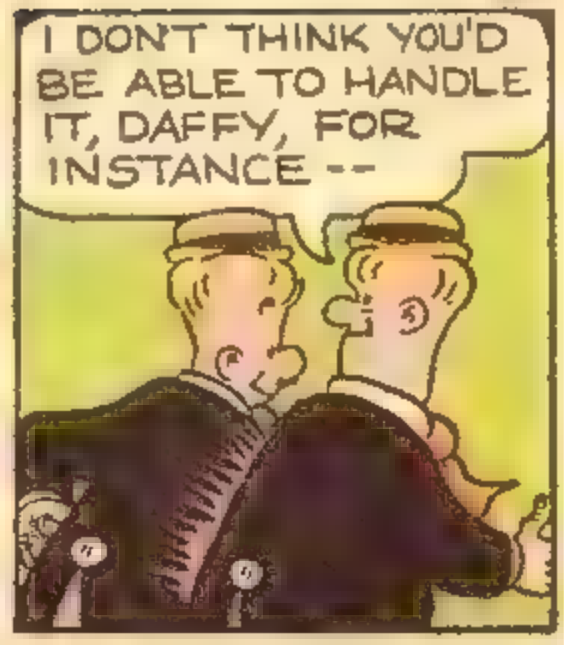

COMING UP, VOLTO. WE GOT GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES RIGHT HERE IN OUR LAB KITCHEN...THEY PACK A LOT OF ENERGY!
THEY SURE DO! WISH I COULD GET THIS SWELL-TASTING CEREAL UP IN MARS.
THESE GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES REALLY ARE THE NUTS!

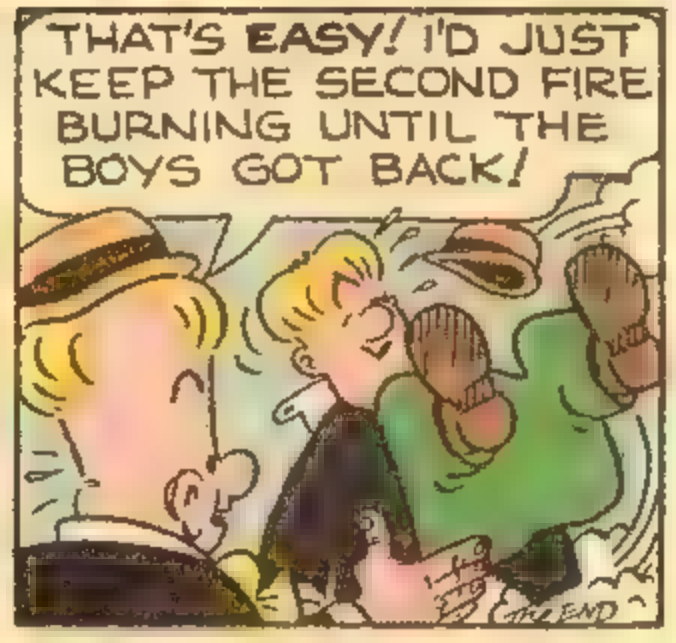
TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

DAFFY DOODLE

LIT-WIN







Advertisement

Pop chews...Bud chews...they all choose FLEERS!

FLEER'S HAS THAT EXTRA PEPPERMINT FLAVOR!

THAT REMINDS ME—I MUST BUY A VICTORY BOND, BY GUM!

MIGHTY CHEWSY BUNCH, I'LL SAY !!!

12 PIECES FOR A NICKEL, WHEE-E-EE !!!

YOU MEAN BUY FLEER'S GUM.. IT'S THE NICEST FORM OF GUM !!!

FLEER'S GUM S PEPPERMINT COATED AND SO SNOWY WHITE !!

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
TWELVE PIECES

DESERT CUNNING

by V. V. Dredaine

OLD John Rainey sat on the doorstep before his shack and looked out across the desert at the approaching stranger. Travelers were rare in that part of the country, and Rainey, a gold miner who lived in enforced solitude, enjoyed a good talk as well as the next man.

Presently the stranger was within hailing distance. He slowed his steps and raised an arm to wave once or twice. Old John stood up and waved back. Then, when the man was closer, he called out, "Howdy, stranger."

The man waited until he had reached the shack before he answered. "Howdy," he said in a friendly voice. "Name's Tom Wilson," he smiled. "Me and my mule here, we're from Bear Canyon. Been a long while since we seen anyone. Guess you know how it is being a prospector. Sure could use a wash."

Rainey left the doorstep and offered his hand. "I go by the name of John Rainey," he said. "You're welcome to come inside and wash up, and I'd be mightily pleased if you was to stay and share my supper with me. Ain't often I get the chance to talk to a man."

Wilson smiled. "To tell the truth, I was hoping you'd ask me."

He started forward and Rainey said, "What about your mule? Appears to me like he's lame in that right foreleg."

Wilson stopped, turned around and looked at the mule. "If I didn't plumb forget all about him," he said. "Poor creature hurt himself yesterday, turned it on a loose rock. Guess maybe I ought to take care of him first."

"Guess maybe you ought to," Rainey said quietly. "Got a mule of my own in that shed yonder, and feed and water enough for the both of them."

The stranger led his mule to the shed and Rainey went into his weatherbeaten house. He put some wood into his small stove and the embers that had been there came alive and little blue flames licked at the new fuel. There was a large tin can of wax standing on the stove and Rainey put it down on the floor. He had been putting up preserves earlier in the day, and used hot melted wax to seal the jars. He got out some skillets and flour and bacon and opened a large can of sardines and went about preparing the meal.

He was setting the table with knives and forks when Tom Wilson returned to the shack. The stranger was a good listener and a good talker, and he tried to be helpful but there was little he could do. He went out behind the house to a stone-lined well to get water for the coffee, but he couldn't work the pump and Rainey came out to do it

"This old pump's temperamental," he explained smilingly. "It seems like it knows it's got the last water in this here desert."

Wilson nodded. "I guess if it wasn't for that pump you wouldn't be able to live here this way. Guess you'd be like the rest of us prospectors, wandering up and down and living out of canteens. Unless," he added, after a momentary hesitation, "there was some other reason for you to stay here."

"Like what?" Rainey asked casually.

"Oh, I don't know," Wilson said. "Maybe there's a good vein of ore in these parts." After a moment, when Rainey hadn't commented, Wilson asked, "It ain't all staked out, is it? It might be there's plenty for more than one man."

Rainey said, "Oh, it was pretty good some years back but it's all gone now. I don't know why I hang around here anymore, except I'm an old man now and I'm kind of used to it here."

They ate and talked some more, and later the stranger offered Rainey some pipe tobacco and they smoked. It had long since been dark and the nightbound desert air was cold and clear. The light in the lamp began to burn low and Rainey, as was natural, finally invited the stranger to spend the night. He had no bed for him, but he could lend him a blanket and he would be comfortable if he piled some straw up in the shed, if he didn't mind the mules. Wilson laughed and said maybe the mules might mind but he didn't, and he thanked Rainey again and presently he went out.

Rainey wasn't tired, but he wouldn't have been able to sleep that night if he'd been dead on his feet. He lay open-eyed, staring at the chinks of light from the embers in the stove, and about an hour after he'd gone to bed, he saw the stranger again. He saw the outline of Wilson's head and shoulders appear at one of the windows, and there was just light enough to reflect in Wilson's milky eyes. He stayed there for half a minute, peeping in, and Rainey let his breathing sound deep and heavy, as if he were sleeping.

But some time after that the stranger returned to look in for a second time, and toward morning he was back for a third look, and Rainey knew by then, as he had known almost from the beginning, that it was going to go hard for him. The stranger wasn't giving up. He was trying to catch Rainey moving his hidden gold, and Rainey, by doing nothing about it, had not convinced him that there was no gold to hide. It was going to go hard.

The first red streaks of dawn were in the sky when Wilson opened the door and walked in. He walked in boldly, his heavy boots hard on the floor, making no effort to conceal his presence. Rainey sat up as the stranger came toward him, and he noticed that

he was wearing a gun belt and a heavy revolver on his hip He looked up at the tall thin man and waited for him to speak.

Wilson returned his gaze "Where's the gold?" he said. His voice was low, and there was a quality in it, a ruthlessness and a kind of quickness, that had not been in it the night before

"I don't have any gold," said Rainey quietly

"I don't want to do you no harm if I can help it," said the man. "How do you pay for your supplies?"

Rainey said in the same quiet voice: "There's some money in my jeans. You're welcome to it."

The stranger took Rainey's faded trousers from a chair, found an old billfold and emptied it. "Forty-two dollars ain't much cash," he said, his lips thinned in a sneer. "I reckon it means you're long on gold." He slid the gun out of its holster, gripped the barrel and raised the butt over Rainey's head.

"I'll kill you if I have to," he said

Rainey said, "You won't have to," and he got up, put on his jeans and shoes and went to the stove. He probed the embers with a long poker, stuck the hooked end deep into the stove and hauled up a large battered steel box by a red hot ring on its top, then set the box on the stove, away from where the fire had sprung up again

The stranger took the poker and threw it outside He picked up the cold coffee pot and dashed it on the box, and it steamed and cooled He opened the box. It was filled with fine golden dust almost to the brim. His eyes glittered with cruel greed at the fortune and his breathing was labored, and he hardly seemed to see Rainey when he looked at him again.

"Pile some groceries up for me," he said harshly, and he went out quickly He returned in a few moments with his saddlebags and began filling them with the provisions Rainey had put on the table, and he threw three large canteens at Rainey "Fill these with water," he ordered. "I'm taking your mule. You won't need it near as bad as I do," and carrying the gold and his saddlebags he went out again to the shed.

When he returned five minutes later, Rainey was just leaving to go to the pump. He heard the old man drawing water while he searched the stove again, and when he went out, Rainey had finished filling the canteens. He took them and put them in the pack on Rainey's mule, and faced the old man with a cold, deadly expression.

"There's a sheriff coming this way, maybe today," he began.

"I know," Rainey said. "I knew right off you wasn't a prospector the way I had to remind you to take care of your mule. If you let me live, I'll give you my word on it I'll say nothing."

The tall man laughed. "I'll make sure of that," he said, and still laughing quietly he drew his gun and shot Rainey where he stood.

Rainey sank down to his knees and then sprawled, but his eyes remained fixed on the stranger and his lips moved. "You . . . won't . . . get . . . away," he whispered, and he tried to smile and his eyes closed.

Wilson stood over him and fired the gun twice again, but there was a troubled look on his face. Suddenly he wheeled, went to the canteens the old man had filled for him, unscrewed all three caps and tasted the water in them. It was fresh water and the troubled look vanished. He grabbed the mule's pack-rein and started south into the desert, his step erect and swift, without a backward glance at the dead body of old John Rainey. The morning sun was blood-red. . . .

Two and a half days went by before the murderer emptied the first of his canteens. He had proceeded quickly and he was deep in the heart of the desert. In five more days he would be past the desert's southernmost boundaries, safe from pursuit The noonday sun beat down on him mercilessly. There was no shade and no wind and no living thing in those unbearably hot, arid lands. He had gone easy on his water, rationing himself, but now he needed a drink. His whole body was crying for water.

He opened the second canteen and took a grateful swallow and suddenly he spit it out. The water was full of salt! It was impossible, he told himself. He had tasted all three canteens, hadn't he? He raised the water to his lips again and sipped it slowly, and panic swept through him. The sides of the canteen were blazing hot and the water was hot . . . and salty! No mistake about it! Feverishly he seized the last canteen, opened it, tasted it. His brain reeled and he stood there with his mouth open, letting the salt water from the last canteen dribble from his lips. He stood there for a long time, trying to think, and then he sank to the hot sands. His fingers touched his lips and felt the dry thick crust of salt that had formed there, and he stared at the canteens and began to scream.

He died the next day, but not before he understood what had happened to him. He remembered that when he had gone back to search John Rainey's stove again, there had been a large can of wax melting over the revived fire —wax like the chunks he had found floating in the salt water in his canteens. Rainey had filled the bottoms of two of the canteens with salt, and over the salt he had poured melted wax, sealing the salt in the bottoms. And the sun had done the rest. It had heated the canteens and melted the wax, and the released salt had poisoned the water!

Had he taken one of the salted canteens first, he would have found out during the first day, and he would have been able to live long enough to return and be captured by the sheriff. But he had used up the one good canteen, and it had lasted long enough to take him to a grave of his own choosing

It wasn't much of a grave. They found him with sand piled up against his back as he lay on one side, and huddled up against him, as if to protect it against the wind and the sand, they found him still clutching the steel box of gold dust.

VIGILANTE

WITH THE FINEST OF SEA FOODS WITHIN SPLASHING DISTANCE OF THE DINNER TABLE, WHY SHOULD ANYONE SHIP CANNED LOBSTER TO A CERTAIN TINY FISHING VILLAGE? THAT'S A POSER FOR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND STUFF—AND A HEADACHE FOR THE RIDING ROPING **VIGILANTE** AS HE EMPLOYS THE COLORFUL TACTICS OF THE OLD WEST TO OUTWIT A BAND OF WILY OUTLAWS—

"WAY DOWN EAST!"

OUR MOTTO

"FROM THE OCEAN BLUE, DIRECT TO YOU!"

OUR SPECIALTY IS BROILED LOBSTER

CANNED LOBSTER

MORT MORTON JR.

VACATION TIME FINDS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND HIS PAL, THE CHINATOWN KID, LUXURIATING IN THE LAND OF THE LUSCIOUS LOBSTER...

THAT'S GREG SANDERS, THE SINGING COWBOY!

LOBSTERS

TAKE A BOW, P. T.!

AMBLING IN THE ENVIRONS OF THE ARTLESS OYSTER...

THIS IS THE PLACE TO GET THE GRIME OF THE CITY OUT OF YOUR LUNGS! GET A WHIFF OF THAT SALT AIR, STUFF!

I GET IT— AND LIKEWISE A WHIFF OF THAT FISHIN' BOAT TYIN' UP AT THE DOCK!

AND SAVORING THE SCENT OF THE SUCCULENT SHAD!

A GOOD TRIP, SKIPPER?

THE BIGGEST CATCH O' THE YEAR!

SUDDENLY...

CAREFUL, YE SWAB!

STOVE IN, BLAST IT!

FUNNY THING FOR A FISHIN' BOAT TO BE LANDIN'!

I THOUGHT ALL THE SEA FOOD IN THIS NECK 'O' THE WOODS CAME FRESH OUT O' DAVEY JONES' LOCKER!

LOBSTER

I'LL TAKE THAT!

WITH LIVE LOBSTERS AS PLENTIFUL AS THEY ARE, SKIPPER, WHY BOTHER WITH CANNED ONES?

RECKON IT'S MY BUSINESS IF I HAPPEN TO HAVE A TASTE FOR CANNED LOBSTER!

OF COURSE!

BUT THEY'RE UNLOADING SO MANY OF THE SAME KIND OF CASES, HE MUST HAVE MORE THAN A TASTE FOR THEM!

I DON'T GET IT, GREG WHY YA SO INTERESTED IN THEM CANS O' LOBSTERS?

JUST WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM, PARDNER!

I'M BRINGIN' BACK WHAT CANNED STUFF WE DIDN'T USE ON THE VOYAGE, ALF!

'PEARS LIKE YE CAUGHT MOST O' YOUR OWN GRUB!

I'LL BE BACK TO SQUARE UP WITH YE!

ANY TIME, SKIPPER

C'MON, WE'RE GOING SHOPPING!

SOME CANNED LOBSTER, PLEASE!

CANNED LOBSTER! STRANGER, THAT'S ONE KIND O' MERCHANDISE WE DON'T CARRY IN STOCK!

WHAD YA MEAN, YA DON'T CARRY IT? I SAW—

EASY, STUFF! MAYBE WE'D BETTER EAT AT THE HOTEL, AFTER ALL!

SORRY—

WHAT'S THAT PHONEY COWBOY NOSIN' INTO OUR BUSINESS FOR?

I DON'T KNOW, CAP'N— BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

GENERAL STORE

PEOPLE COME HERE EVERY SUMMER JUST TO EAT THEIR SEA FOOD FRESH! WHY SHOULD THAT STOREKEEPER HANDLE CANNED LOBSTER? AND SINCE HE'S GOT IT, WHY SAY HE HASN'T?

FELLA, IF I KNEW THE ANSWERS TO THOSE QUESTIONS, I WOULDN'T HAVE A WORRY ON MY MIND!

THAT EVENING...

IF YOU WANTED TO SPEND YOUR VACATION LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, WHY PICK A SLEEPY LITTLE FISHIN' TOWN?

TROUBLE? I'M JUST OUT FOR THE EVENING BREEZE!

AND IN THE DEEPER SHADOWS...

HERE THEY COME!

ABRUPTLY...

WHAT-?

GET 'EM!

I KNEW IT! HERE'S TROUBLE NOW!

STRIKE ONE, CHUM!

MISSED ME!

STAND STILL! ARE YA YELLOW?

HJH!... TR.PPED ME!

CAN'T GET TOO VOLENT—OR ELSE THEY MIGHT CONNECT THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR WITH THE **VIGILANTE**, WHO IS GOING TO APPEAR NEXT!

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY! SHALL WE GO AFTER THEM?

NOT NOW.. LATER!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT THREE MEN WITH CLUBS JUMPED ON US ALL AT ONCE!

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME IT WAS ON ACCOUNT O' THEM CASES O' CANNED LOBSTER!

CANNED LOBSTER! IN THIS TOWN?

SURE! THEY TOOK IT TO ANDERS' GENERAL STORE— ONLY ANDERS WON'T ADMIT HE HAS ANY!

HMM—SHOULDN'T THINK HE WOULD! CHAMBER O' COMMERCE WOULDN'T LIKE HIM IMPORTIN' SEA FOOD!

YOU DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO THE COPPER, P.T.... DID YOU WANT ME TO KEEP STILL ABOUT THEM CANS?

NO HARM DONE, I GUESS... ONLY I HOPED THE VIGILANTE WOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND BEFORE TOO MANY RUMORS GOT STARTED!

YE LOBSTER POTTE INN

MINUTES LATER...

GET READY TO DUCK IF ANYBODY MISTAKES US FOR PROWLERS AND STARTS SHOOTING.

THE NEXT INSTANT...

YOU SURE CALLED YOUR SHOTS THAT TIME, VIG!

WHOEVER'S BEHIND THAT GUN ISN'T SHOOTING AT US!

BANG BANG

BEHIND THE GENERAL STORE...

UH-H-H-H

A SLENDER NOOSE SNAKES THROUGH THE AIR, AND--

HUH?... A ROPE!

THE VIGILANTE!

DON'T FORGET THE CHINATOWN KID!

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED TO GET AWAY WITH WHEN YOU SHOT THE CONSTABLE!

CANNED LOBSTER! WHAD'YA KNOW?

CONSTABLE! I-I THOUGHT HE WAS A THIEF—A BANDIT—WHEN I SHOT AT HIM!

AND I SUPPOSE YA JUST FINISHED BUYIN' THEM CANS O' LOBSTER AT THE BACK DOOR O' THE STORE!

HE'S MOVING! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T KILL HIM!

WHAT HAPPENED?

EH?.. VIGILANTE!... I WAS STROLLING PAST WHEN I SEEN THIS FELLER ACTIN' LIKE MAYBE HE WAS A BURGLAR!

I ORDERED HIM TO HALT, BUT HE STARTED SHOOTIN'! GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER!

HE WON'T DO IT AGAIN! WE'VE CAUGHT HIM FOR YOU!

—LOOK BEHIND YOU, VIG!

HEY!...

THEY THINK WE'RE FISH!

BIGGEST HAUL OF THE SEASON!

I'LL SHOW YA!

YOU'RE ONLY MAKING THINGS WORSE, STUFF! THEY'VE GOT US!

HEY, IT AIN'T THAT DRUGSTORE COWBOY, AT ALL! IT'S THE VIGILANTE!

NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET RID O'ALL THREE OF 'EM! TAKE 'EM INSIDE THE STORE, BOYS!

WE GOT TO GET RID O' THESE THREE GUYS, ALF! GOT ANY IDEAS?

FOLKS WILL BE WONDERIN' ABOUT THE SHOOTIN', SO WE'LL KEEP 'EM HERE TONIGHT—

—AN' I'LL SHOW YE WHERE!

THERE'S SEVEN FOOT O' WATER IN THE BOTTOM O' THAT CISTERN.' AN' ALL WE GOT TO DO IS TOSS A ROPE OVER THAT BEAM RIGHT ABOVE IT AND LOWER AWAY—

I GET IT!

PRESENTLY...

YOU COYOTES CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

THERE SHE GOES!

THAT'LL SHUT 'EM UP!

NOT A CHANCE OF THEIR ESCAPING AFTER WE LEAVE, I SUPPOSE?

HOW COULD THEY? IN TWO MINUTES THEY'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

BUT ALF AND HIS GANG FORGET ONE THING — THE VIGILANTE'S RESOURCEFULNESS..

MY SPURS ARE SHARP ENOUGH TO CUT THIS NET—

—IF ONLY I HAVE ENOUGH TIME!

ONE BY ONE THE TOUGH STRANDS OF THE NET ARE SEVERED—UNTIL FINALLY...

MADE IT—BUT I COULDN'T HAVE HELD OUT TEN SECONDS LONGER!

(GLUG!) I KNEW YA WOULDN'T (GLUG!) LET US DOWN!

THANK GOODNESS, YOU'RE ALIVE!

I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE MUCH GOOD AT FIGHTIN' 'EM WITH THIS WOUNDED SHOULDER!

STUFF AND I CAN MANAGE THEM, CONSTABLE!

IN FACT, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

THEY'LL HAVE THEIR FILL OF CANNED LOBSTER BEFORE I'M FINISHED!

THEY'LL THINK THEY'RE VICTIMS OF PTOMAINE POISONING!

UPSTAIRS...

ARE THEY ALL THERE?

ALL TWELVE OF 'EM! I'LL PICK UP ANOTHER LOAD TOMORROW!

DON'T FORGET— MY PRICE FOR BRINGIN' 'EM ASHORE IS A HUNDRED DOLLARS A CAN!

TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE VIGILANTE AND THE OTHERS!

THEY COULDN'T HAVE BETTER CARE IF THEY WAS ALREADY BURIED AND I WAS THE CEMETERY CARETAKER!

THEY'RE DONE FOR THIS TIME!

ABRUPTLY...

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

GREAT SNAKES— *IT'S THEM!*

BUT IT CAN'T BE!

LET'S SHOOT FIRST AND ARGUE ABOUT IT LATER!

A GOOD IDEA!

ALL RIGHT, PARDNER— LET 'EM FLY!

BOMBS AWAY!

RRAAAA

I'LL FIX 'EM!-- HELP!

NICE FIXIN'!

BANG!

LOOKS LIKE THE ROUNDUP IS COMPLETE PARDNER!

YEAH!... BUT WHAT'S THIS?

A RUBY! WHY, THESE HOMBRES MUST BE SMUGGLERS, VIG!

I GUESSED IT FROM THE FIRST!

THE CONTRABAND GEMS WERE PICKED UP FROM TRAMP STEAMERS BY THE FISHING SCHOONER, AND BROUGHT TO THIS STORE FOR SALE TO OUTLAW DEALERS!

AN' THEY HID 'EM IN LOBSTER CANS BECAUSE THEY KNEW THIS WAS ONE PLACE NOBODY WOULD ASK FOR CANNED LOBSTER!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

TAKE IT AWAY!

I CAN'T BEAR IT!

WHAT'S THIS? SOUNDS LIKE THE PRISONERS ARE BEIN' TORTURED!

WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU TOOK THEM THAT FOR LUNCH?

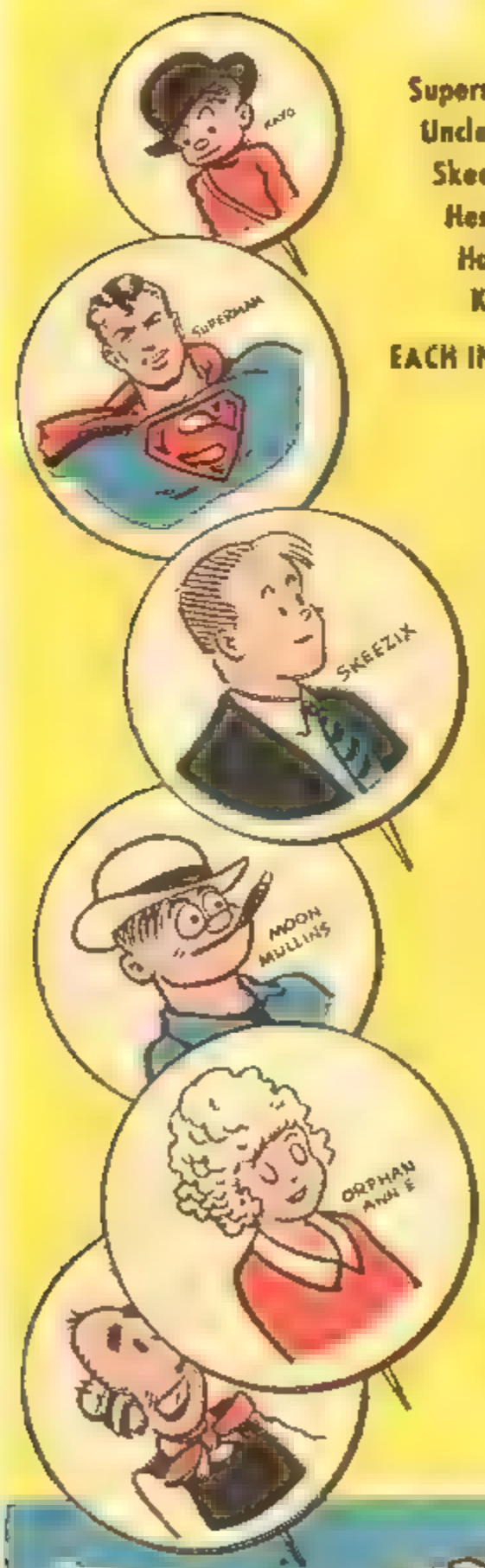
IT'S A BEAUTY!

YEAH- BUT THEY DIDN'T WANT ANY! I GUESS THEY AREN'T HUNGRY FOR LOBSTER!

GOLORFUL! EXCITING!

METAL PIN-ON COMIC BUTTONS

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP



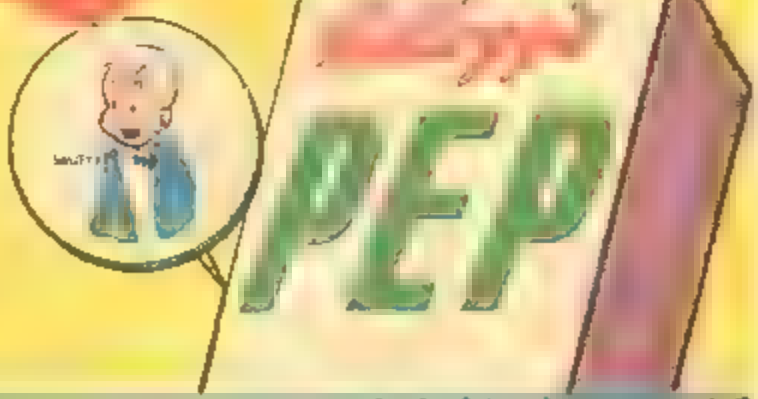
Superman	Lilliums	Moon Mullins
Uncle Walt	Smitty	Smilin' Jack
Skeezix	Sandy	Smokey Stover
Herby	Orphan Annie	Winnie Winkle
Harold Teen	Nina	Shadow
Kayo	Perry Winkle	Dick Tracy

EACH IN FULL COLOR ON A SHINY, PIN-ON METAL BUTTON!

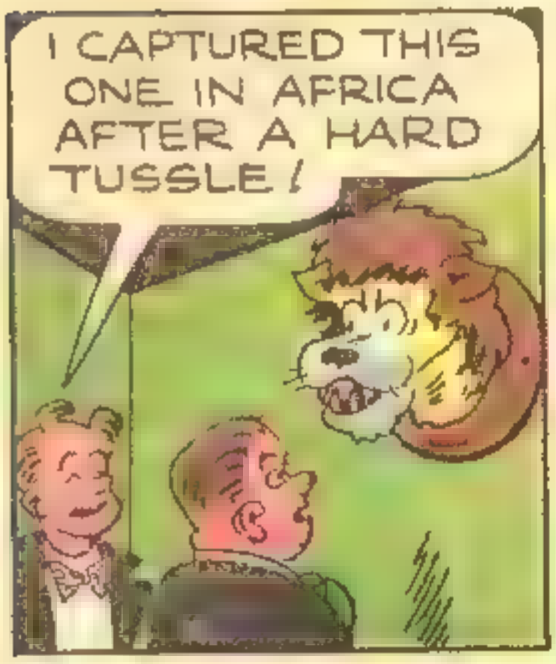
IF you like the funnies, you'll get a big kick out of collecting these wonderful comic buttons! EIGHTEEN of your favorite characters are available—and you'll want every one! It's so easy to get them, too! Every package of Kellogg's PEP contains one as a prize! Open the box and there is your metal button—in full color—right in the package! No money to send! No box-tops to mail. No delay! Ask your Mother to buy a package of delicious PEP wheat flakes, and get your comic button as an extra prize!

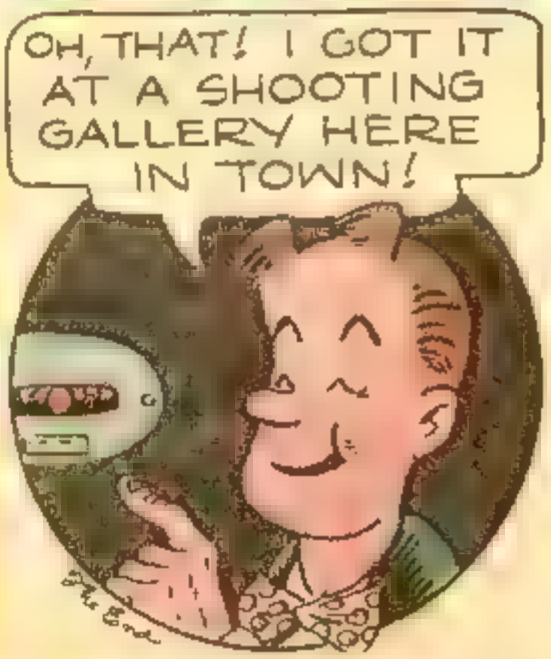
Start right now—be the first to get a complete collection. They look like a million dollars when you pin 'em on your cap, jacket or sweater.

How the other kids will envy you when they see your swell collection of comic buttons!



JASPER





Advertisement

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! HE WAS A PRISONER IN FRANCE FOR 22 YEARS, TREATED LIKE ROYALTY BY HIS JAILERS... BUT NO ONE EVER SAW HIS FACE!

MAYBE HE'S THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER WHO TRIED TO CLAIM THE THRONE!

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT FOR RELIEVING COUGHS DUE TO COLDS THERE'S NOTHING LIKE SOOTHING, DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS. THEY TASTE JUST LIKE CANDY!

AND MOTHER SAYS TO BE SURE AND ASK FOR **SMITH BROTHERS,** NOT JUST COUGH DROPS.

TRADE

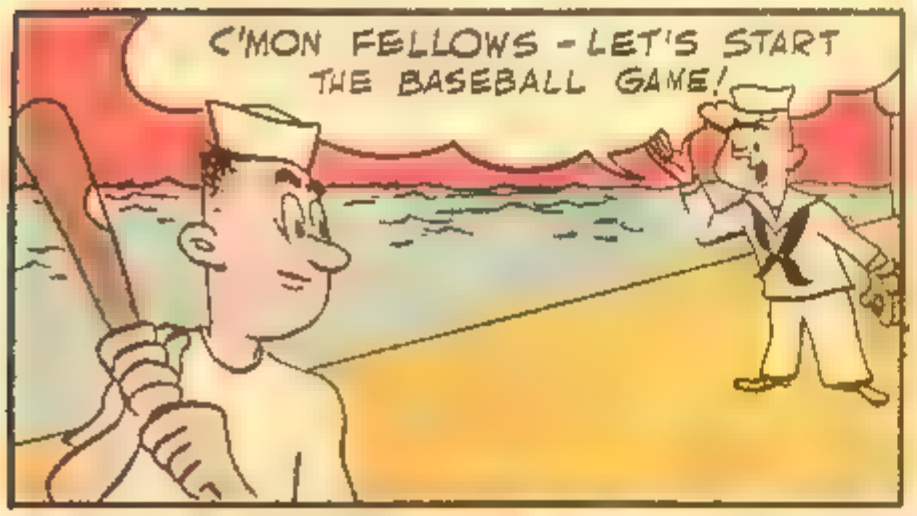
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

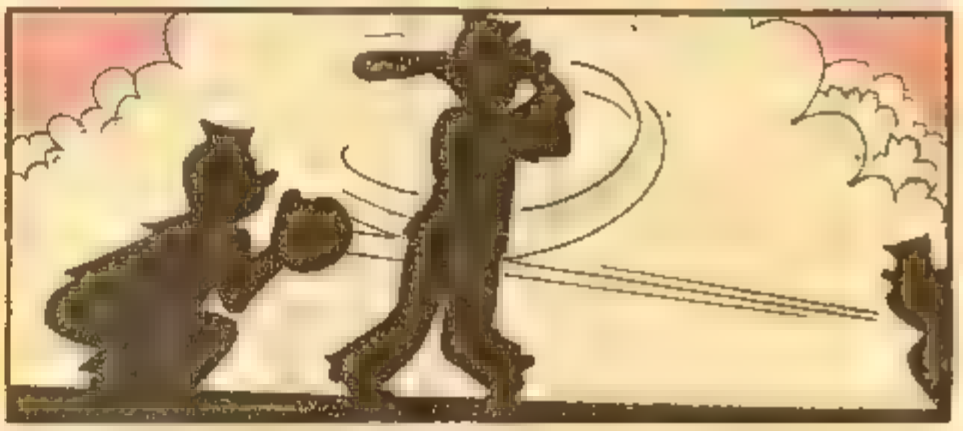
BLACK OR MENTHOL- 5¢

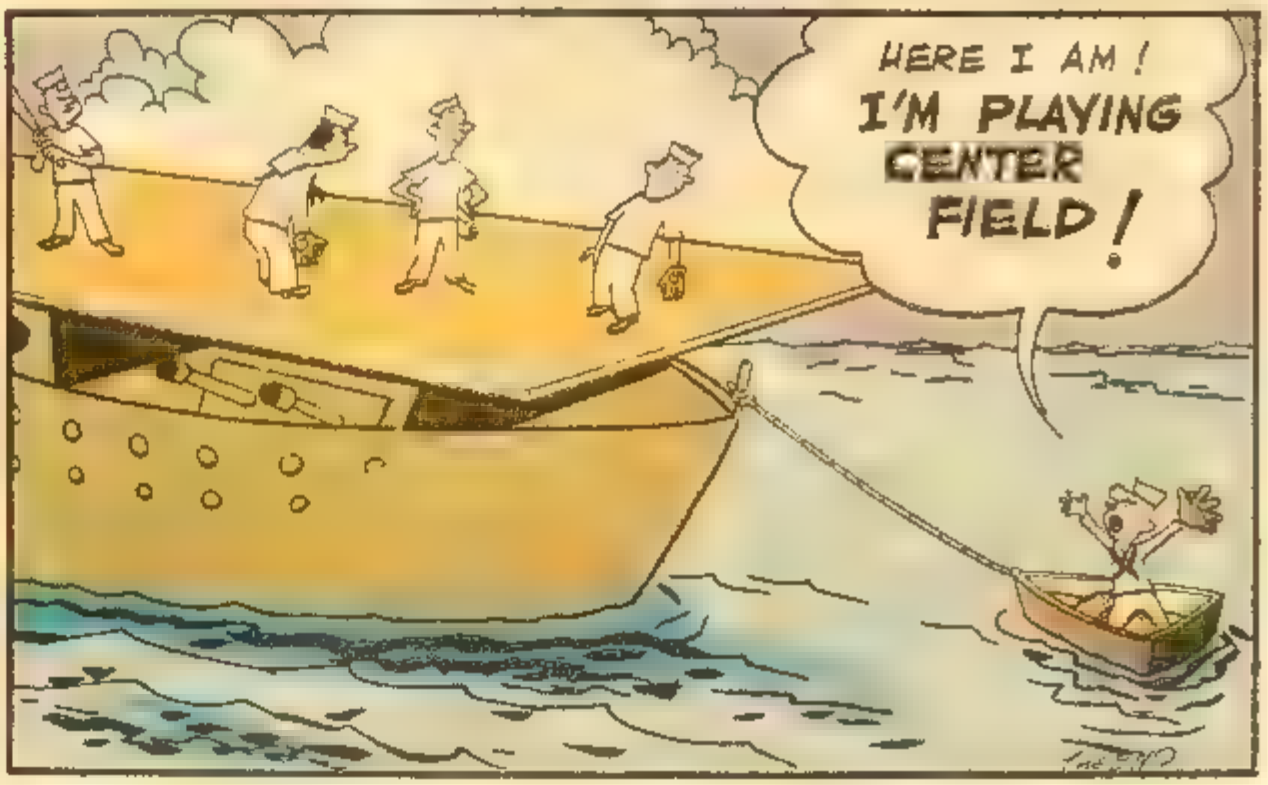
MARK

SHORTY

by HENRY BOLTINOFF







SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

RGCEG QP GCTVJ, IQQF
YKNN VQYCTF OP. C OGTTA
EJTKUVOCU CPF C JCPPA
PGY AGCT VQ AQW CNN!

SUPERMAN, FEB.
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME . . . . . AGE . . .

STREET ADDRESS . . . . . .

CITY AND STATE . . . . . .

ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT THERE ARE REALLY MANY KINDS OF MAGIC ALL AROUND US. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LISTEN. HEAR THEM? THAT SHRILL FIFE AND THAT SWEET FIDDLE? THEY ARE PLAYING THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE, THE BRAVE AIRS AND THE MELODIES THAT BRING STRENGTH AND COURAGE! AND ZATARA, THE MASTER-MYSTIC, TRACES THE TUNES THAT CONQUER FEAR AND SPACE AS HE USES HIS POWERS TO CALL ON THE...

"Magic of Music!"

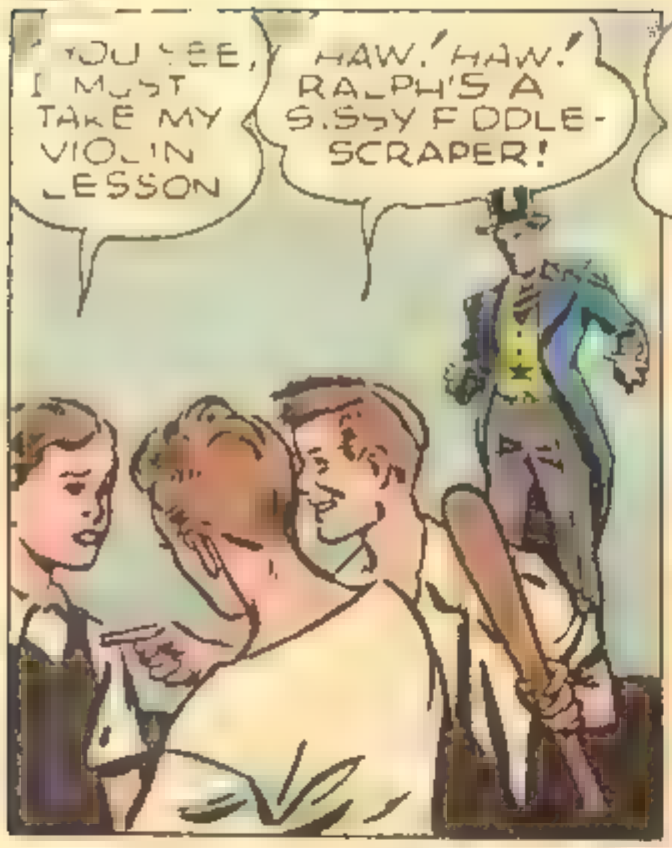
AS ZATARA PASSES BY, HE HEARS A STRANGE PROPHECY...

YAHH 'YOU'LL JUST BE WASTING YOUR TIME.'

IF YOU GO, YOU'LL JUST BE A SISSY AND A WEAK SISTER!

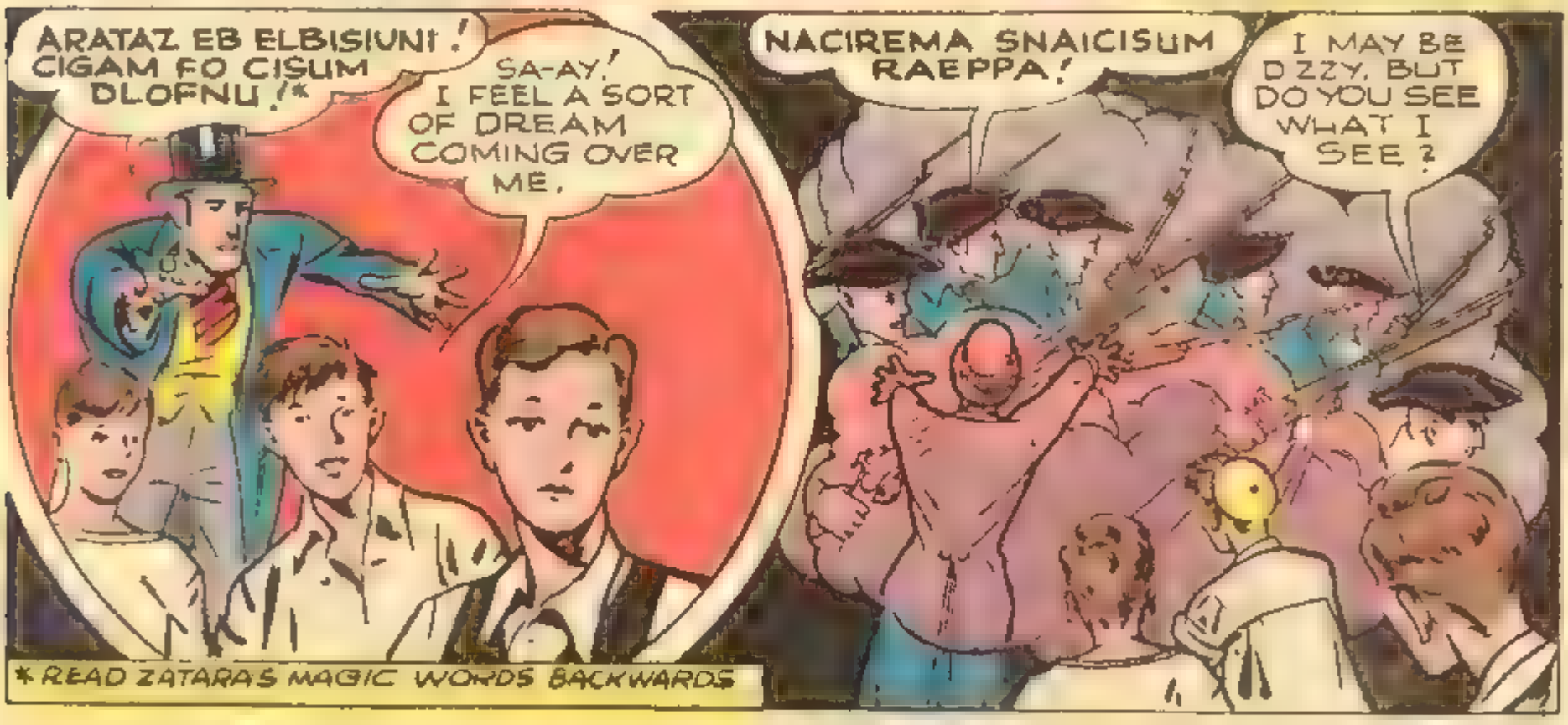
CAN'T HELP IT FELLOWS. I'VE JUST GOT TO.'

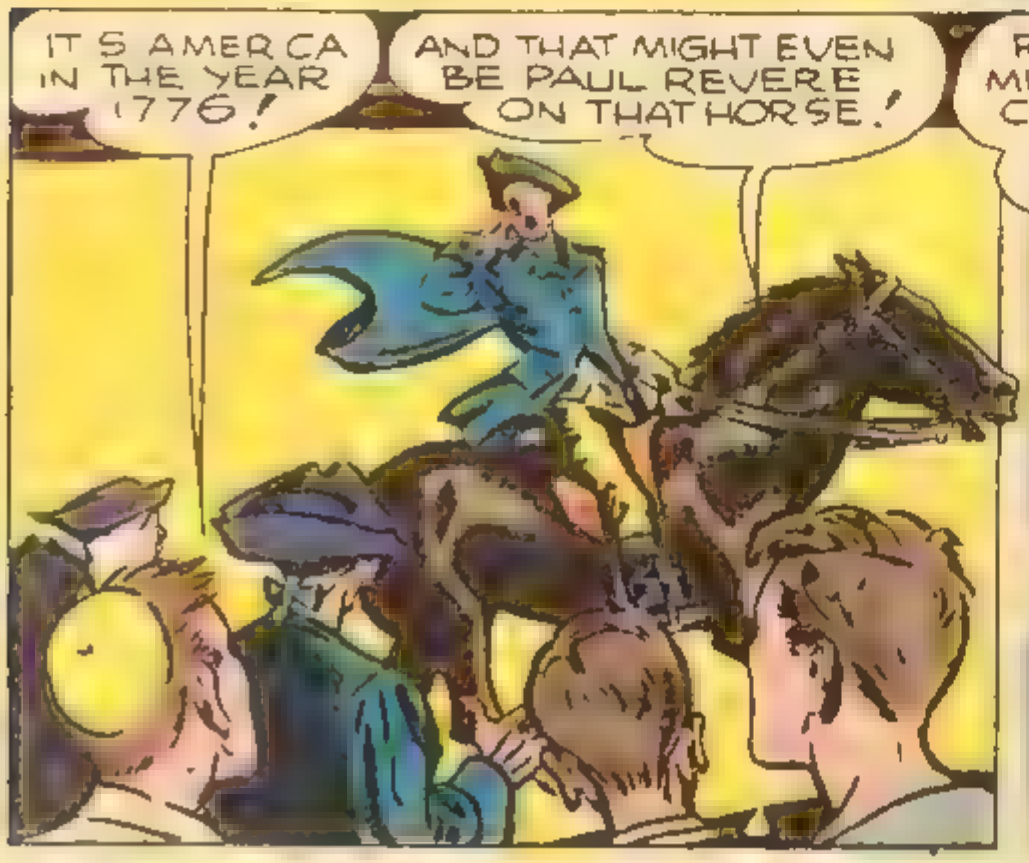
HMM! WHAT IS THIS HORRIBLE THING HE'S FORCED TO DO?

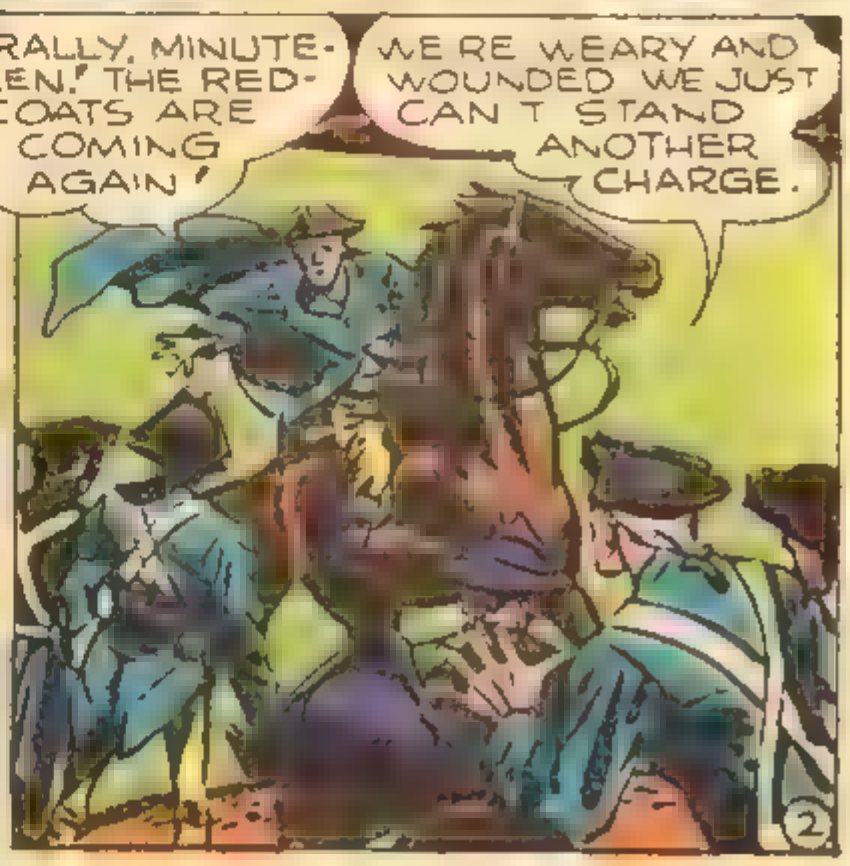

YOU SEE, I MUST TAKE MY VIOLIN LESSON
HAW! HAW! RALPH'S A SISSY FIDDLE-SCRAPER!

BUT I LIKE IT, LEFTY. YOU OUGHT TO TRY MUSIC YOURSELF, SOMETIME!
NOT US! GIVE US BASEBALL BATS, NOT FIDDLE-BOWS!

MAYBE I CAN SHOW THOSE TWO SCOFFERS THAT MUSIC IS IMPORTANT. AND FUN, TOO!


ARATAZ EB ELBISIUNI! CIGAM FO CISUM DLOFNU!*
SA-AY! I FEEL A SORT OF DREAM COMING OVER ME.
NACIREMA SNAICISUM RAEPPA!
I MAY BE DIZZY, BUT DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS


IT'S AMERICA IN THE YEAR 1776!
AND THAT MIGHT EVEN BE PAUL REVERE ON THAT HORSE!


RALLY, MINUTE-MEN! THE RED-COATS ARE COMING AGAIN!
WE'RE WEARY AND WOUNDED WE JUST CAN'T STAND ANOTHER CHARGE.
2

IT'S TRUE. THE MEN ARE ALL SICK AT HEART.

WE MUST RAISE THEIR SPIRITS. BUT HOW?

MUSIC WILL DO IT.' WHERE'S THE DRUMMER BOY?

HERE, SIR! I'LL DRUM OUT A CHARGE!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AGAIN.'

RAISE OUR FLAG! I'LL PLAY THE FIFE.'

RAISE THE STARS AND STRIPES.' NOW WE'LL STRIKE UP **YANKEE DOODLE!**

IT'S OUR SONG! LISTEN.'

♪ ♪ ♪
YANKEE DOODLE, KEEP IT UP, YANKEE DOODLE DANDY, MIND THE MUSIC AND THE STEP... ♪ ♪

I'LL FOLLOW WHERE THEY LEAD.'

I'M GLAD I STUDIED MY MUSIC LESSONS! I'M REALLY HELPING!

THEY RUN! WE'LL WIN OUR FREEDOM YET!

FINE WORK, BOYS! YOU PLAY BOLDLY AND WELL!

THE SCENE'S FADING. BUT HERE COMES ANOTHER.

WOHS GNINNIW FO TSEW!

IT MAY BE A DREAM, BUT IT SEEMS SO REAL.

FASTER! THERE MAY BE HOSTILE INDIANS ABOUT!

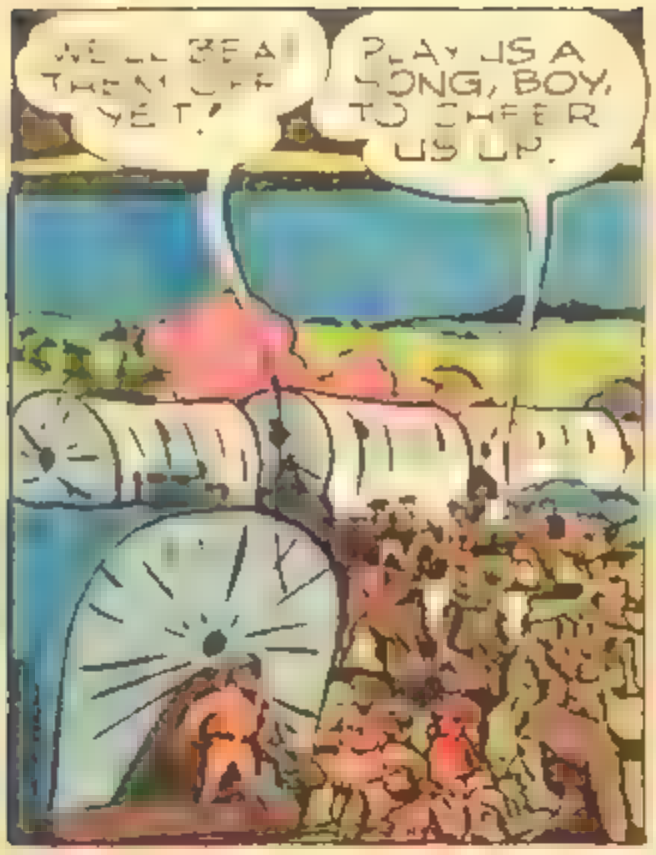
WHY, IT'S KIT CARSON, THE FAMOUS INDIAN SCOUT!

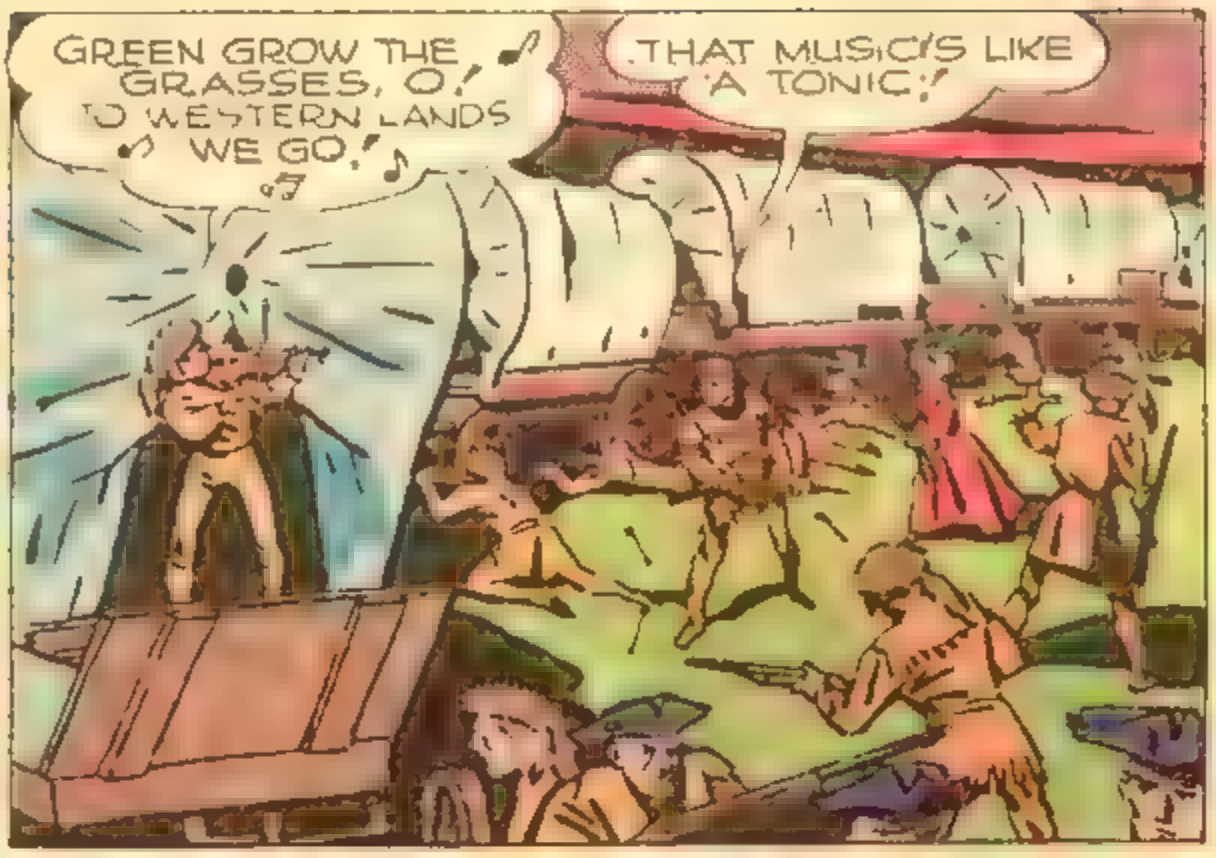
MAYBE A TUNE WILL HELP! I'LL SCRAPE ONE OUT IF YOU'LL [illegible] ALONG.

WE'RE OFF TO CAL-I-FOR-NI-A, OUR TRUE LOVES FOR TO SEE...

INDIAN ATTACK!

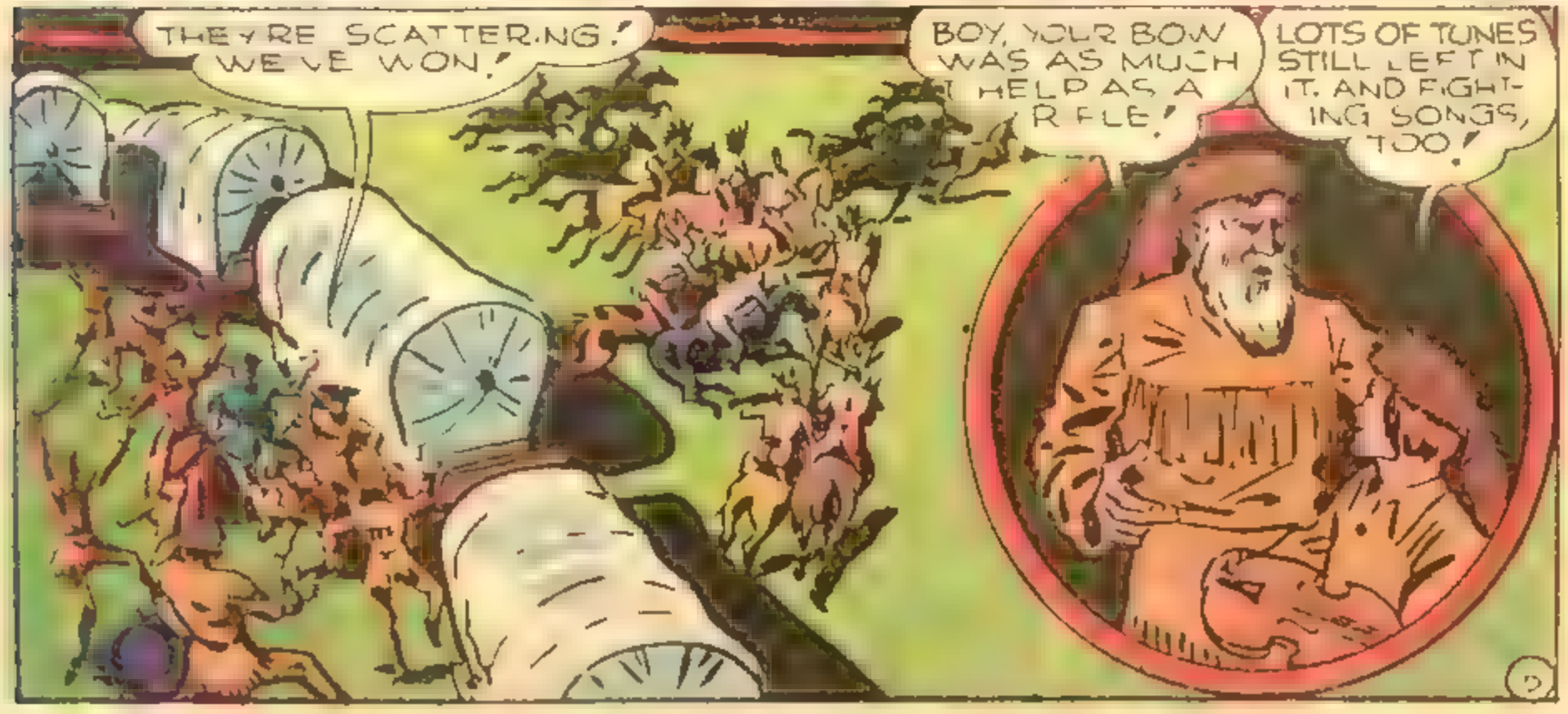
CIRCLE THE WAGONS INTO A FORT!


WE'LL BEAT THEM OFF YET!
PLAY US A SONG, BOY, TO CHEER US UP.


GREEN GROW THE GRASSES, O! TO WESTERN LANDS WE GO!
THAT MUSIC'S LIKE A TONIC!

EVEN CHARGING INDIANS WON'T STOP MY FIDDLE!

HOPE THOSE ARROWS DON'T HURT THAT VIOLIN. THOSE FOLKS DEPEND ON IT SO.
SWORRA SSAP YLEFAS YB!


THEY'RE SCATTERING! WE'VE WON!
BOY, YOUR BOW WAS AS MUCH HELP AS A RIFLE!
LOTS OF TUNES STILL LEFT IN IT. AND FIGHTING SONGS, TOO!

WHILE THEY'RE STILL CHARMED, I'LL SHOW THEM MUSIC HAS GENTLER USES. PMAC ERIF RAEPPA!

IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD DAY. I'M TOO TIRED TO MOVE!

WE HAVE NEED OF SONG AND LAUGHTER.

THEY'RE RIGHT HERE IN THIS MUSIC BOX, MA'AM.

THEN LET'S HAVE A SQUARE DANCE!

TURKEY IN THE STRAW! SWING YOUR PARTNER!

LOOK OUT! INDIANS!

MUST BE A SURPRISE ATTACK!

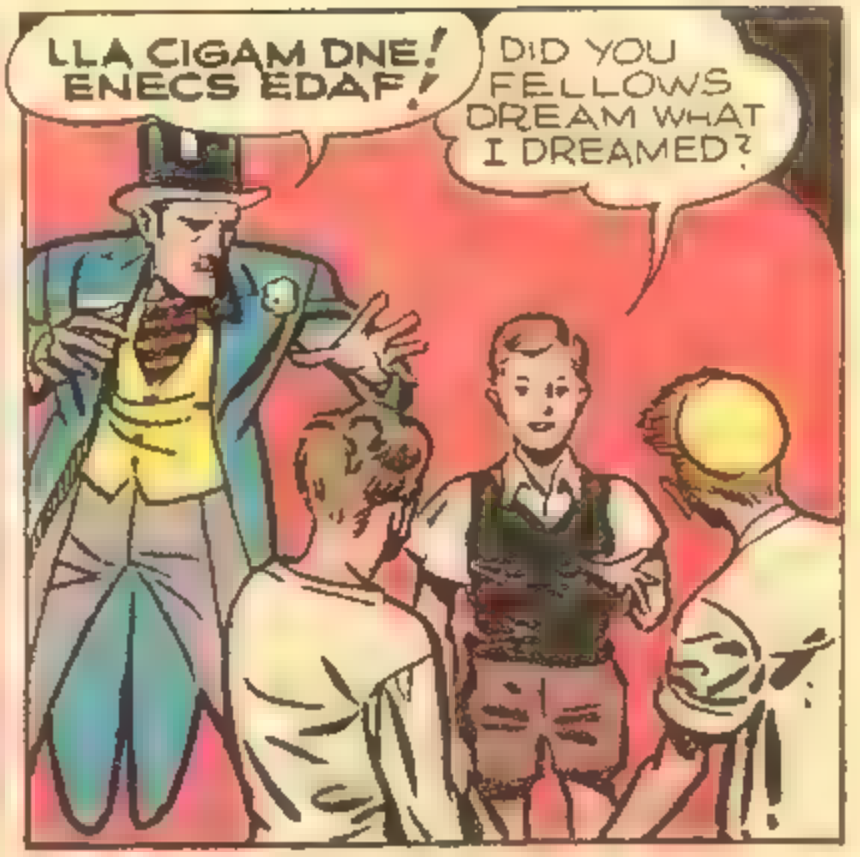
NO! WE ARE FRIENDS. COME IN PEACE. TO HEAR GLAD SOUNDS STRANGE BOX MAKE.

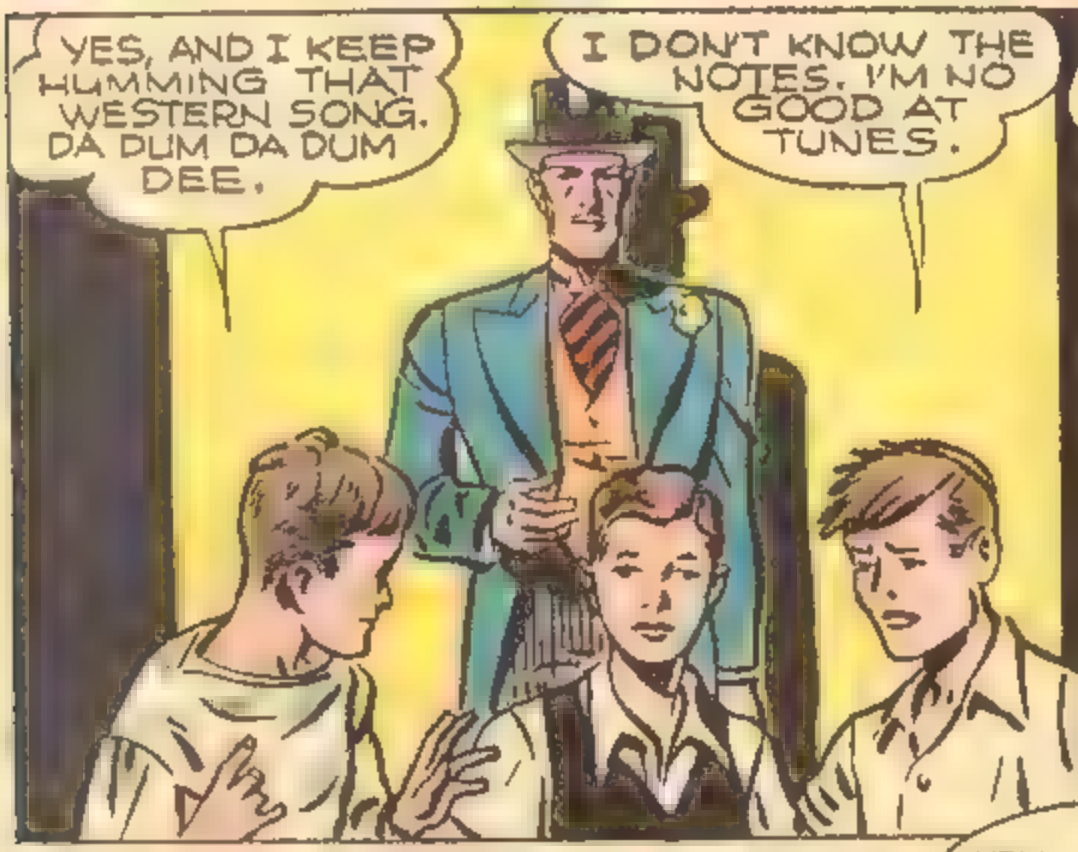
LOOK, WE BREAK WAR BOWS AND ARROWS.

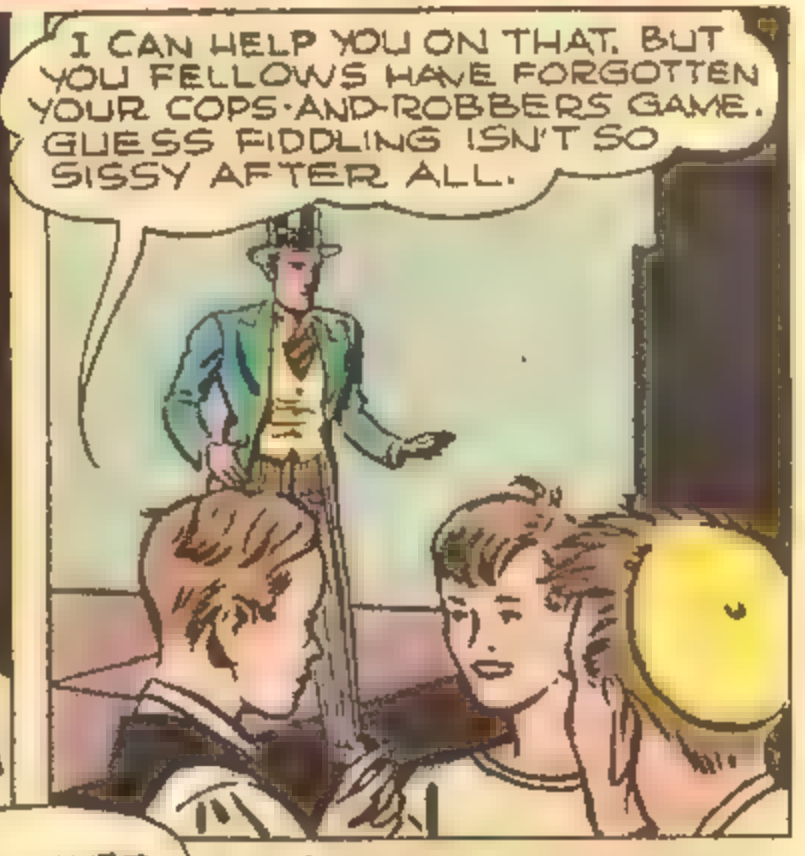
THEN GATHER AROUND AS FRIENDS! MUSIC AND FUN FOR ALL.

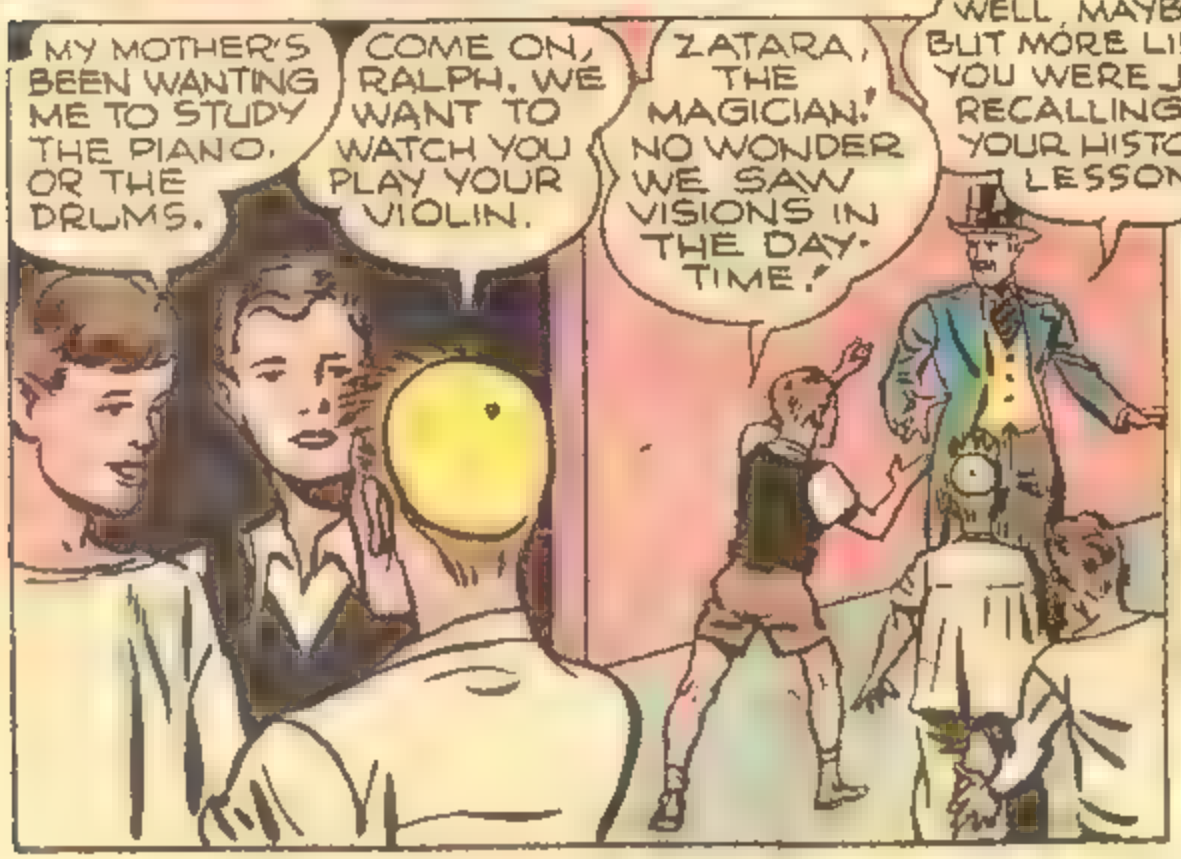
BOY, YOUR FIDDLE HAS HELPED WIN THE WEST!

SO A FIFE AND DRUM AND A FIDDLE HELPED BUILD AMERICA.
I WISH I COULD PLAY LIKE THAT BOY.


LLA CIGAM DNE! ENECS EDAF!
DID YOU FELLOWS DREAM WHAT I DREAMED?


YES, AND I KEEP HUMMING THAT WESTERN SONG. DA DUM DA DUM DEE.
I DON'T KNOW THE NOTES. I'M NO GOOD AT TUNES.


I CAN HELP YOU ON THAT. BUT YOU FELLOWS HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR COPS-AND-ROBBERS GAME. GUESS FIDDLING ISN'T SO SISSY AFTER ALL.


MY MOTHER'S BEEN WANTING ME TO STUDY THE PIANO, OR THE DRUMS.
COME ON, RALPH. WE WANT TO WATCH YOU PLAY YOUR VIOLIN.
ZATARA, THE MAGICIAN! NO WONDER WE SAW VISIONS IN THE DAY-TIME!
WELL, MAYBE. BUT MORE LIKELY YOU WERE JUST RECALLING YOUR HISTORY LESSONS.

I'M LEARNING TO PLAY A GREAT BIG PICCOLO!
ALL REAL BOYS. AND NEVER TOO YOUNG OR TOO SMALL TO LEARN THE MAGIC OF MUSIC!
THE END

Henry IBA

CAN'T FENCE US IN

HIS OKLAHOMA AGGIES WERE BASKETBALL'S BEST IN 944-45

IBA'S 1944-45 "COWBOY" FIVE WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N CHAMPIONSHIP. THEN DEFEATED THE NATIONAL INVITATIONAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT WINNER, DE PAUL, FOR **OVER-ALL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE NATION**

DON'T GO 'WAY MAD

ALTHOUGH THEY'RE INTERSECTIONAL FAVORITES, THE AGGIES LIKE HOME BEST. GAVE IBA A HOME-GAME **WINNING STREAK OF 47 GAMES**

NEXT YEAR I'LL BUILD A TEAM OF MIDGETS

I'LL SOON BE IN THE 400

IN 18 YEARS HANK IBA'S TEAMS HAVE WON 384 GAMES. LOST ONLY 95 HIS .802 AVERAGE STANDS AS ONE OF THE **FINEST COACHING RECORDS** IN THE GAME

"IT'S WHEATIES KEEN FLAVOR THAT HAS ME **REACHING FOR THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES** PLENTY OFTEN," SAYS CHAMPION COACH IBA "GOOD NOURISHMENT AND WINNING FLAVOR MAKES A COMBINATION THAT'S HARD TO BEAT. I THINK YOU'LL FIND THAT'S TRUE WHEN YOU TRY WHEATIES"

LEARN HOW TO PLAY CHAMPION BASKETBALL GET WHEATIES NEW BOOK, "WANT TO BE A BASKETBALL CHAMPION?" 32 PAGES! LOTS OF PICTURES! SEE WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY...LEARN ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

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EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only $1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

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No matter how dark the night or how far you are from home or familiar landmarks, this luminous dial compass will instantly direct you towards your destination. Never fails. As easy to read as a watch. Guides you accurately all hours of the day or night. In fact, you'll find this luminous dial, wrist-type compass to be just about the most useful article you've ever owned.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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Learn RADIO by PRACTICING in Spare Time

with 6 Big Kits of Radio Parts I Send You

You build this MEASURING INSTRUMENT yourself early in the course—use it for practical Radio work on neighborhood Radios to pick up EXTRA spare time money!

You build this SUPERHETERODYNE CIRCUIT that brings in local and distant stations. You get practical experience putting this set through fascinating tests!

Let me send you facts about rich opportunities in Radio. See how knowing Radio can give you security, a prosperous future. Send the coupon for FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." Read how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future For Trained Men Is Bright In Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair Business is booming NOW. There is good money fixing Radios in your spare time or own full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address Work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even *greater* opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

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The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. You LEARN Radio principles from my easy-to-grasp Lessons—PRACTICE what you learn by building real Radio Circuits with Radio parts I send—USE your knowledge to make EXTRA money in spare time.

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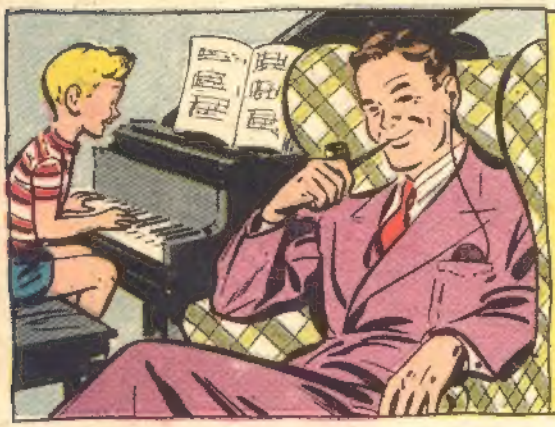
"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these storerooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

HANDIE-TALKIE—five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring, auto racing.



BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID—lets Dad hear those first tunes. It is 4¾ by 2½ inches, weighs but 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, now available.

• An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery—22½ volts of power—nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.